THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2214.

☞ See the Prospectus, on one of th inside ages, of "THE LADY'S FRIEND," new agazine of Literature and Fashion.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia

MY IDOL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Oh, beauty! dearest love of mine!
Would you were of celestial birth;
You seem the only thing divine
That ever fell from Heaven to earth.
You have the strange mysterious power
To hold me captive everywhere;
Sometimes it's but a slender hand,
Again a silken band of hair
So slight the dainty summer wind
Will scarcely deign to push it by,
Or in a maiden's glowing cheek
Your slight rose-colored fetters lie,
And I am bound fast and complete,
(Although I own the chains are sweet,)
And once two blue eyes dim'd with tears,
Made me a slave for years and years!

At times I vow I will be wise,
And worship but the good, the true,
But, truant like, my wilful heart
Unbidden brings its love to you.
A smile of rare and matchless grace
Upon a handsome, haughty face;
A fairy foot, a rounded arm,
Again will prove the nameless charm
That leads my willing soul to thine,
And leaves me kneeling at thy shrine!

Ah me! that I could find a spell
Would lead my erring heart away
From its fair idol, which I fear
Is made of naught but common clay.
Oftimes when you are at my side
I close my eyes, and hope to hide
Your radiant form, to turn my mind
To other thoughts; but ah, I find
That quick as shadows glide o'er streams,
Or elfish fancies haunt our dreams,
I'm only turning from the real,
To find, more perfect, an *ideal*,
That does but lead me farther on
Than that I closed my eyes upon.

Cora Ellen.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYATT," "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

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PART I.

DR. DAVENAL.

It was market-day at Hallingham. A moderate-sized and once beautiful town, spoilt now by the ugly railroad which had been let to take its way right through it, and build a large station on the very spot where the Abbey Gardens used to flourish. Those gardens once; and not so long ago the evening recreation of the townspeople, who would promenade there at sunset, what time of the year. Since the gardens had been seized upon for the railway purposes, a bitter feud of opinion had reigned in the place; the staid old inhabitants mourning and resenting their town's desecration; the younger welcoming the new rail, its stir and its bustle with all their might and main, as a grateful inbreak on their monotonous life. The trains from London (distant some sixty or seventy miles) would go shrieking and whistling through the town at any hour of the day or night; and, so far, peace for Hallingham was over.

Possibly it was because the town was famous for little else, that those Abbey Gardens were so regretted. Hallingham Abbey had been renowned in the ages gone by; very little of its greatness was left to it now. The crumbling hand of Time had partially destroyed the fine old building, an insignificant portion of it alone remaining; just sufficient to impart a notion of its style of architecture and the century of its erection: and this small portion had been patched and propped, and altogether altered and modernised, by way of keeping it together. It was little more than an ordinary dwelling-house now: and at the present moment was to let to any suitable tenant who would take it. But, poor as it was in comparison with some of the modern dwellings in its vicinity, it was still in a degree bowed down to by Hallingham. There was something high-sounding in the address, "The Abbey, Hallingham," and none but a gentleman born and bred must venture to treat for it.

It stood alone: the extensive gardens in front of it; the space once occupied by the chapel behind it. All traces of the chapel building were gone now, but its mossy gravestones were embedded in the ground still, and the spot was held as sacred as a graveyard. The Latin inscriptions on some of these stones could be yet made out; and that on one attracted as much imaginative speculation as the famed gravestone in the cloisters of Worcester Cathedral. A few words only were on it, signifying "buried in misery:" no name, no date. Thoughtful natures would glance at that stone as they passed it, with an inward breath of hope—perhaps of prayer—that the misery experienced by its unhappy tenant in this world, had been exchanged for a life of immortality. This graveyard was not a thoroughfare, and few cared to walk there who were absorbed in the bustle and pleasures of life; but the aged, the invalid, the mourner might be seen there on fine days, seated on its one solitary bench, and buried in solemn reflections. A short space of time, more or less, as might happen, and they would be lying under gravestones in their turn; a short space of time, my friends, and you and I shall be equally lying there.

The broad space of the public road running along the Abbey's front divided it from the gardens, the gardens being the public property of the town. On the opposite side of these gardens, furthest from the Abbey, were the buildings of the new station and the lines upon lines of rails.

It is well to say lines upon lines of rails! Hallingham said it—said it with a groan. Not content with a simple line or a double line of rails, sufficient for ordinary traffic, the railway authorities had made it into a "junction," "Hallingham Junction!"—and more lines branched off from it than you would care to count. This was at the east end of the town; beyond it was the open county. Going towards the town the lines, some of them, made a sort of semicircle, cut off a corner of the town, and branched off into space. It's true it was a very shabby little corner of the town that had thus been cut off, but Hallingham did not the less resent the invasion.

Walking down to Hallingham along the broad road leading from the Abbey, its busiest part was soon gained. Let us look at it to-day. Tuesday.—It is market-day at Hallingham, and the hot July sun streams full on the people's heads, for there's no room for the raised umbrellas, and they afford little continuous shade. It is the large, wide, open space in front of the town-hall, and here from time immemorial the market people have set to chaffer and change, barter and sell. Country women expose their poultry and eggs, their butter and cream-cheese, and their other ware, all on this spot. No matter what the weather, in the dog-days of summer, in the sharp snow, the pitiless storm of winter, here they are every Tuesday under their sea of umbrellas, which must be put down to allow space to the jostling crowd when the market gets full. The town had been talking the last ten years of erecting a covered market-house; but it was not begun yet.

Still on, down the principal street, leaving this market-place to the left, and what was called the West-end of the town was gained. Proud Hallingham had named it West-end in imitation of London. It was nothing but a street; its name, New Street, proclaiming that it was of more recent date than some of the other parts. It was really a fine street, wide and open, with broad white pavements, and its houses were mostly private ones, their uniformity of line being broken by a detached house here and there. It was a long street, and five or six other by-streets and turnings branched off from it at right angles.

Lying back from the street at the corner of one of these turnings was a handsome white house, detached, with a fine pillared portico entrance in its centre, and a plate on the door. It was fully as conspicuous to the street as were the other houses which abutted on the pavement. A level lawn was before it, divided from the street by low light iron-railings, its small light gate in the midst, opposite the entrance door. Narrow flower-beds, filled with gay and charming flowers, skirted the lawn before the rails; on the sides, but not in front, flourished evergreens close to the railing behind the flower-beds, making a sort of screen. An enclosed garden lay at the back of the house, and beyond the garden were the stables. On the brass-plate—you could read it from the street—was inscribed, "Dr. Davenal."

He was the chief *surgeon* of Hallingham. Why he had taken his degree—a recent accession of dignity—people were puzzled to tell. Had he cared for high-sounding titles they could have understood it; but he did not care for them. Had he been a slave to example, that might have accounted for it, for this degree-taking, as you must be aware, has come into fashion of late years: had he wished to court notoriety, he might have thought that as means to bring it to him. But Hallingham knew Dr. Davenal better. He was a simple-minded man; he liked to be out of the fashion instead of in it; and whether he wrote doctor or surgeon after his name, he could not be more deservedly renowned in his locality than he already was. He was a skillful surgeon, a careful and successful operator, and his advice in purely medical cases was sought in preference to that of any physician in Hallingham. A rumor arose, untraceable to any certain source, that his son Edward, a dashing young captain of infantry, had urged the step upon him, with a view to enhance his own standing with his brother officers. The son of Mr. Davenal, a country surgeon, might be thought slightingly of: the son of Dr. Davenal need not be. Be that as it might, the rumor gained some credence, but it died away again. One patient only ventured to question Dr. Davenal as to its truth, and the doctor laughed heartily in his patient's face, and said he expected handsome Ned could hold his own without reference to whether his father might be a royal physician or a parish apothecary.

Before we go on, I may tell you that you will like Dr. Davenal. He was a good man. He had his faults, as we all have; but he was a good man.

On this same 1st July afternoon, there came careering down the street, in its usual quick fashion, a handsome open carriage drawn by a pair of beautiful bays. Dr. Davenal did not see why, because he was a doctor, his carriage should be a sober one, his horses tame and rusty. Truth to say, he was given to spend rather than to save. I have told you he had faults, and perhaps you will call that one. He sat in his accustomed seat, low in the carriage, his servant Roger mounted far above him. He rarely drove himself; never when paying professional visits; a surgeon needs to keep his hands steady. Roger was a favorite servant; fourteen years he had been in his present service, and was getting fat upon it. Dr. Davenal sometimes told him jokingly that he should have to pension him off, for his weight was getting too much for the bays. The same could not be said of Dr. Davenal; he was a spare man, of middle height, with a broad white forehead, dark eyes and care-worn expression.

The carriage was bowling quickly past the market-place—Dr. Davenal's time was too precious to allow of his being driven slowly—when a woman suddenly descried it. Quitting her sitting-place in the market, she set off to run towards it, flinging up her hands in agitation, and overturning her small board of wares with the haste she made. Poor wares—gooseberries and white and red currants, displayed on cabbage leaves to attract the eager eyes and watering lips of juvenile passers-by; and common garden flowers tied up in nosegays—a half-penny a nosegay, a halfpenny a leaf. Roger saw the movement.

"Here's Dame Hundley flying on to us, sir."

Dr. Davenal, who was very much in the habit of falling into thought, seeing and hearing nothing as he went along, raised his head, and turning it in the direction of the market, met her anxious countenance.

"Pull up, Roger," he said to his servant.

The countenance was a tearful one by the time it had reached the doctor's side; and then the woman seemed to become aware that she had done an unwarrantable thing in thus summarily arresting Dr. Davenal—not that there was anything in his face or manner to remind her of it.

"Oh, sir, I beg ten thousand pardons for making thus bold! Seeing your carriage, I started off in the moment's impulse. I've been a-fearing all the morning as I sat there, that maybe you might be out when I called, after market was over. He is no better, sir; he is worser and weaker."

"Ah!" remarked the doctor. "Couldn't he come in to-day?"

"I don't believe there'll ever be any more coming in again for him," was the woman's answer, as she strove to suppress her tears. "'Mother,' says he to me this morning, when I tried to get him up, 'it's o' no use trying. I—I—'" She fairly broke down.

"Does the parish doctor see him regularly?"

"He comes, sir, about every third day. He caught his eye on that bottle of physic that you wrote for and told me to get made up, and he laid hold of it and asked where I got that, and I told him I had made bold to take my poor boy into Dr. Davenal. So, then, he was put up about it, and said if we was going to be grand patients of Dr. Davenal's we didn't want him. And I thought perhaps he mightn't come again. But he did: he came in last night at dusk."

"Has your son taken the physic?"

"Yes, sir. I gave him the last dose afore I come away this morning. But he's worse; he's a deal worse, sir: maybe it's these hot days that's trying him."

Dr. Davenal could have told her that he never would be anything but worse in this world; a little better, a little worse, according to the phases of the disease, and then would come the ending.

"I shall, I expect, be driving out of Hallingham your way this evening, Mrs. Hundley, and I'll call and see him. Should anything prevent it this evening, you may look for me to-morrow. I'll be sure to come."

The same good, considerate man that he had ever been, sparing no trouble, no kindness, when life or health was at stake. "I'll be sure to come!" and the woman knew that he would be sure to come. How few medical men in his position would have condescended to say to this poor woman, "I'll be sure to come!" to say it in the kind tone, with the promise in his eyes as they looked straight into hers, as well as on his lips! He had fellow practitioners in that town, their time not half taken up as his was, who would have lolfully waved off poor Dame Hundley, a profitless patient in every sense, and sent her sorrow to the winds.

Roger drove quickly on down the street, between the rows of gay shops, and Dr. Davenal sat thinking of that poor woman's sorrow. She was a widow, and this was her only son. Did the anticipated loss of that son strike on the chords of his own heart, and send them vibrating? *He* had lost a son, and under unhappy auspices. Save that woman's son, he knew he could not: his death fiat had gone forth in the fell disease which had attacked him: but he might possibly, by the exertion of his skill, prolong the life by a trifle, and certainly lighten its sufferings. Mrs. Hundley had toiled for this son, and brought him up well in her poor way, and had looked brightly forward to his helping her on in her old age: as he would have done, for he was steady, loving, and dutiful. But it was not to be: God was taking him: and the mother in her alarm and grief, scarcely saw why this should be. Not at the time that affliction falls, in its first brunt, can we see or believe in the love and wisdom that are always hidden within it.

Roger pulled up at the doctor's house, set his master down, and turned his horses round into the side lane—for it was not a street—to drive them to the stables. Dr. Davenal went through the gate, and wound round the grass-plat to the house. As he was about to open the door with his latch-key, it was drawn open for him by his attentive in-door man servant.

You never saw so respectable a servant in all your life: a very model of a servant in looks, voice, and manner. About forty years of age, and rather tall, his slim, active figure gave him the appearance of being a younger man. His hair, brushed smooth and flat, was of a shiny black, and his white necktie and orthodox black clothes were without a spot. But—in spite of his excessive respectability as a man and a servant—there was something in the sharp features of his white face, in the furtive black eyes, that would lose their look of slyness when flung boldly into yours, which had never been cordially liked by Dr. Davenal.

"You saw me, Neal?"

"I was in your room, sir, speaking to Mr. Cray," was the man's answer: and in his low, respectful tones, his superior accent, there was really a sound of refinement pleasant to the ear. That refinement of voice and manner that may be caught from associating with the educated: not the refinement springing from the mind where it is innate.

"Has anybody been here?"

"Lady Oswald, sir. She apologized for coming when it was not your day for receiving town patients, but she said she particularly wished to see you. I think she scarcely believed me, sir, when I said you were out."

Dr. Davenal took his gold repeater from his pocket, where it lay loose, unattached to any chain, and glanced at it. A valuable watch: the grateful present of a rich man years ago, who believed that he owed his life, humanly speaking, to Richard Davenal's care and skill.

"Scarcely believed you! Why, she knows I am never home much before three o'clock. It wants two minutes now. Mr. Cray, if he is here, might have seen her."

"Mr. Cray has but just come, sir. I was showing him in when your carriage drove to the door. Lady Oswald said she would call again later, sir."

Two minutes more, when three o'clock should strike, and Dr. Davenal's door would be beset by patients. By country patients to-day: on Tuesdays he would be very busy with them, and the townspeople did not intrude unnecessarily upon him on that day: all the rest of the week's days were for them. They would come, these patients, and lay down their fee of a guinea to the surgeon, as they laid it down for a physician. Dr. Davenal would see them twice for that; sometimes more,—several times more: he was not a covetous man, and he distinguished between those who could well afford to pay him and those who could not. When these last would timidly put down the sovereign and shilling, rarely in paper, he would push it back to them. "No, you paid me last time or so; you don't owe me anything yet."

Of far and wide reputation, he had scarcely a minute in the day that he could call his own, or that was not in some way or other devoted to his profession. Chief visiting surgeon to the Hallingham Infirmary, always taking the operations there difficult cases, part of every day had to spent at it. Early in the morning h patients at home, twice a week gratui at a quarter to ten he went out, and b that time and three o'clock paid his of calls and visited the infirmary. A he was at home to receive patients at six he dined; and it very rarely ha ed that he had not second visits to afterwards. Of course this usual rou of duty was occasionally varied: visits a distance had to be paid, necessitating po horses to his close carriage, if no rail c ducted to the place; patients hovering t ween life and death must be seen often than once or twice a day, perhaps in th night; and sometimes a terrible case of accident would be brought into the infirmary, demanding the utmost skill that the most perfect operator could give. In those cases, it was Dr. Davenal who was sent for by the house surgeon; none other visiting surgeons were so sure as he: and Dr. Davenal, though he had a whole dining-room full of patients waiting their turn to go into him, guinea in hand, abandoned them all, and strode away to the infirmary with his fleetest step.

The dining-room was on the left of the entrance-hall: it was of large proportions. Opposite to it, on the right was a much smaller apartment, called by way of distinc-

"DON'T WAKE HIM," I SAID TO THE STEWARD.

[SEE STORY ON FIFTH PAGE.]

tion "Dr. Davenal's room." It was in this last the doctor saw his patients, who would go into it from the dining-room in turn, one by one. The two rooms looked to the front, on either side the door, and the window in each was very large. They were not bay windows, but made in the same fashion, divided into three compartments, all of which might be opened separately. Dwarf Venetian blinds were carried up to the first pane in both windows, for the house was not sufficiently removed from the street to prevent curious passers-by from gazing in. Behind the doctor's room was another room, opening from it, the windows of which looked on the evergreens skirting the very narrow path that ran between the side of the house and the railings bordering the lane; a path so narrow that nobody was supposed ever to go down it. This second room was Dr. Davenal's bedchamber, used by him as such ever since the death of his wife. At the back of this chamber was another apartment, partially partitioned into two, one portion being Neal's sleeping closet, which looked to the garden at the rear of the house; the other was used as a butler's pantry.

Neal had an uncommon partiality for that pantry, and would be in it all hours of the day or night, though it was never meant that he should sit in it. It was to all intents and purposes a pantry only, and a very scantily lighted one. It had a high window of four square panes, looking dead on the evergreens, very dense just there, and on nothing else. There was a door by its side, opening on the evergreens also, and one with a slim figure, as slim as Neal's, for instance, could go out at that door if so disposed, and entwine himself along the narrow path, braving the shrubs, past the windows of Dr. Davenal's bedchamber, and emerge in front of the house. It was not at all, however, in Neal's stipulated duties to do so. Quite the contrary. When Neal entered Dr. Davenal's service, he was expressly ordered to keep that pantry door always fastened. It was impressed upon him by Miss Davenal that there was no necessity ever to unlock it; his plate was there, she observed, and light-fingered beggars frequented Hallingham, as they frequent most other places.

On the opposite side, behind the dining-room, was the prettiest apartment in the house. It was called the garden-parlor, and opened to the garden at the back by means of glass doors. The state drawing-room was above, over the hall and dining-room, and the kitchens were down-stairs.

Dr. Davenal's room was scantily furnished. A seabby Kidderminster carpet, a square table, some horsehair chairs, and a writing-desk. Nothing else, except some books ranged round the walls, and a plaster bust or two. On the table, which was covered with a green-baize cloth bordered with yellow, lay some writing and blotting paper by the side of a large inkstand, and the desk was underneath the table on the carpet. It was the doctor's habit to keep the desk there; he could not have told why. If he required to open it, which was very seldom, for he never used it for writing on, he would lift it to the table and put it back when he had done with it. Some of his patients sitting at the table waiting for the doctor to come in, or enlarging on their complaints as he sat before them, had surreptitiously used it as a footstool, and the result was a considerably scratched surface of the polished mahogany; but Dr. Davenal did not move it from its abiding-place.

Tilting himself on a chair, in a fashion that threatened an overthrow backwards, with his feet on the edge of this very desk, sat a young man, carelessly humming a popular song. You heard Neal tell his master he was there—Mr. Cray. His face was a sufficiently pleasing one, its complexion fair, its eyes a light blue. It was not a remarkable face in any way; might have been a somewhat insipid one, but for these same blue es that lighted it up, and a gay smile that over ready on it. All that Mr. Cray red likely to be remarkable for as yet, habit of pushing his hair back—ight hair, of a shade between brown en, and he pushed it off his forehead tely, at all times and seasons. But ith the blue eyes, the winning smile, very taking voice and manner, he was ing to win his way in Hallingham. Davenal was glad that it should be so. had taken this young man, Marcus Cray, the hand, had made him his partner, and desired nothing better than that he uld win his way.

But to win a way in a town is one thing; win hearts in it is another; and Dr. Davenal was certainly not prepared to hear, as he was about to do, that Mr. Cray had gained one particular heart, and had come then to ask his, Dr. Davenal's, approbation to his having done it.

Neal threw open the door of his master's room, bowed him in with the air of a groom of the chambers, and Mr. Cray started from his tilting position to find his feet. As they stood together his height was somewhat under the doctor's, and *his* only reached the middle height.

"Is it you, Mark?" said the doctor, quietly, rather surprised that he should be there at that hour of the day; for Mr. Cray's routine of duties did not lie at the house of Dr. Davenal. "Any bad report for me?"

Mr. Clay had no bad report. He entered upon a different sort of report, speaking rapidly, but not in the least agitatedly. He wanted the doctor's consent to his marriage with Miss Caroline Davenal. Perhaps it was the knowledge that they must so soon be interrupted by three o'clock and the doctor's country patients, that prompted Mr. Cray to enter upon the subject at that not over-seasonable hour. There would be less time for the doctor's objections, he may have deemed—not that Mr. Cray was one to anticipate objections to any project he set his fancy on, or to pay much attention to them if they came.

Dr. Davenal stood against the wall near the window, looking very grave in his surprise and, it may be said, vexation. He had never dreamt of this. Mr. Cray had certainly been intimate with his family; many an evening when the doctor had been out professionally, Mr. Cray had spent with them; but he had never given a thought to anything of this sort arising from it. His connection with Mr. Cray was a professional connection, and perhaps that fact had blinded his eyes and kept his thoughts from glancing to the possibility that anything different might supervene.

"You look grave, Dr. Davenal," said Mr. Cray, breaking the silence, and retaining, in a remarkable degree, his self-possession.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "for Caroline's sake. Mark, I believe I had cherished more ambitious dreams for her."

"Ambitious dreams!" repeated Mr. Cray. "She will, at least, occupy a position as good as yours, sir."

"As good as mine!" echoed the doctor. "But when, Mark?—when?" he added, after a pause.

"In time."

"Ay—in time. There it is. How long must you wait for it?"

"We shall rub on until then, Dr. Davenal. As others do."

"Mark, I do not think Caroline is one to rub on, as you call it, so smoothly as some might, unless fortune is smooth about her. Remember what your income is."

"It is two hundred a year," said Mark, pushing his hair from his brow, and speaking with as much equanimity as though he had said two thousand. "But I thought perhaps you might be induced to increase it—for her sake."

Dr. Davenal pulled open the green Venetian blind, and threw the window higher up, as if the air of the room were growing too hot for him. It was the window—or rather the compartment of it—nearest to the lane, and the doctor was fond of keeping it a little raised. Summer and winter would the passers-by see that window raised behind the green staves of the blind.

"Were I to double your income, Mark, and make it four hundred a year—a thing which you have no right to expect me to do at present, or to ask me to do—it would still be an inadequate income for Caroline Davenal," resumed the doctor, closing the blind again, and setting his back against it. "I don't believe—it is my opinion, Mark, and I only give it you as such—that she is one to make the best of a small income, or to be happy on it."

Mr. Cray had caught up one of the doctor's pens, and stood opposite to him picking the feather end of it off bit by bit. His attitude was a careless one, and his eyes were bent upon the pen, as if to pick those pieces off and litter the carpet were of more consequence than looking at Dr. Davenal. Mr. Cray was inclined to be easy over most things, to take life coolly, and he was characteristically easy over this.

"Four hundred pounds a year is not so small an income," he observed.

"That depends," said Dr. Davenal. "Incomes are large or small in comparison; in accordance with the requirements, the habits, the notions, if you will, of those who have to live upon them. Caroline has enjoyed the advantages derivable from one amounting to three times four."

"She may come into that fortune yet," said Mr. Cray.

The first gleam of real displeasure shone now in the eyes of the doctor, as he threw them searchingly on his partner. "Have you been counting upon that? Is it the inducement which has called forth this proposal?"

"No," burst forth Mr. Cray, feeling vexed in his turn, and speaking impulsively, as he flung the dilapidated pen back into the inkstand, and drew nearer the doctor. I declare that I never thought of the money or the suit; it did not so much as cross my mind; and were Carine never to have a penny piece to the end of her life, it would make no difference. It is her I meant; not money.

Dr. Davenal drew in his lips. "Carine!" They must have become tolerably intimate for him familiarly to call her that. Pretty Carine was her fond name in the household.

"It was Caroline herself who spoke of the money," resumed Mark Cray. "We were consulting together as to how far my two hundred a-year would keep us, and she remembered the Chancery suit. 'Mark,' she said, 'that fortune may come to me, and then we should have no care. It was not I who thought of it, Dr. Davenal. And I am sure I don't count upon it: Caroline herself would be wise not to do so. Chancery suits generally absorb the oyster, and leave the shell for the claimants."

"You have spoken to Caroline, then," questioned Dr. Davenal.

Marked pushed off his hair again. "Oh dear yes."

"May I ask when?"

"Well—I don't know," answered Mr. Cray, after considering the point. "I have been—I have been—"

"What?" cried Dr. Davenal, surprised at the unusual hesitation. "Speak out, Mark."

"I was going to say I have been making love to her ever so long," continued Mark, with a laugh. "In fact, sir, we have understood each other for some time past; but as to the precise period that I actually spoke out to her by words, I am not sure when it was."

The contrast between the two men was observable in the silence that ensued. Dr. Davenal grave, absorbed, full of thought and care; Mr. Cray self-satisfied, looking as if neither thought nor care had ever come to him, or could come. He lightly watched the passers-by in the street, over the Venetian blind of the middle window, nodding and smiling to any acquaintance that happened to appear. Mr. Cray had made up his mind to marry Miss Caroline Davenal, and it was entirely out of his creed to suppose that any insurmountable objection could supervene.

"Mark," said Dr. Davenal, interrupting the gentleman as he was flourishing his hand to somebody, "you must be aware that circumstances render it imperative upon me to be more than commonly watchful over the interests of Caroline."

"You think so? But, Dr. Davenal, I would be sure to make her happy. I would spend my life in it: none would make her as happy as I."

"How do you know that?" asked Dr. Davenal.

A smile hovered on the young surgeon's lips. "Because she cares for me, sir; and for none other in the wide world."

"I had thought—I had thought that another cared for her," returned Dr. Davenal, speaking impulsively. "At least, a doubt of it has sometimes crossed me."

Mark Cray opened his eyes widely in his astonishment.

"Who?" he asked.

But Dr. Davenal did not satisfy him: not that he had any particular motive for observing reticence on the point.

"It is of no consequence. I must have been mistaken," was all he said.

"You will not forbid her to me, sir?" pleaded Mr. Cray.

A spasm of pain passed across the face of Dr. Davenal: the words had called up bitter recollections.

"So long as I live I shall never forbid a marriage to any over whom I hold control," he said, in a tone of subdued anguish—and Mark Cray knew where the sting had pointed, and wished in his good-nature he had not put the question. "I will urge all reflection, caution, prudence in my power to urge; but I will not forbid. Least of all have I a right to do so by Caroline."

The younger man's face lighted up. "Then you will give her to me, Dr. Davenal?"

"I give you no promise," was the doctor's answer. "I must have leisure to reflect on this: it has taken me entirely by surprise. And I must speak to Caroline. There's plenty of time. To marry yet would indeed be premature."

"Premature?" echoed Mr. Cray.

"Premature is the extreme. A man who does not know how to wait for good things, Mark, does not deserve them."

A lady, with a slow walk and pale face, turned in at the front gate. It was patient the first. Dr. Davenal made no observation; he scarcely saw her, so deeply had he plunged into thought. Mr. Cray, who stood closer to the window than a doctor expecting patients generally does stand, smiled and bowed.

"It is Mrs. Scott," he observed, as the knocker sounded. "She looks very ill today."

Attentive Neal was heard to come forth instantly from his pantry, open the door, and show the lady into the dining-room. Then he made his appearance in his master's room.

"Mrs. Scott, sir!"

Instead of the "Show her in," as Neal expected, Dr. Davenal merely nodded. Mr. Cray made a movement to depart, glancing as he did so, at the very grave face of his senior partner.

"I have vexed you, sir!"

"I feel vexed in this first moment, Mark; I can't deny it," was the candid answer. "It is not altogether that Caroline might have been expected to do better, it is not that I think her peculiarly suited for a making-shift life, it is not that with regard to her I feel my responsibility is weighty: but it is a mixture of all three."

"You consider, perhaps, I have done wrong to ask for her?"

"I consider you have done wrong to ask for her so prematurely. In your place, I think I should have waited a little while, until circumstances had been more propitious."

"And perhaps have lost Caroline!"

"Nay," said the doctor, "a girl that cannot wait, and be true while she waits, is not worth a brass button."

He quitted the room as he spoke. At the risk of keeping his patients waiting, he must find and question Caroline. His mind was not at ease.

Mr. Cray went out at the hall door. Before Neal, who was on the alert, had shut it, a carriage drove up to the gate, and stopped with a clatter. A well appointed, close carriage, its servants in claret-colored livery, and its claret colored panels bearing the insignia of England's baronetage—the bloody hand.

The footman leaped down for his orders. Mr. Cray, stepping across the lawn, in too much haste to wind round it by means of the gravel path, held out his hand with a smile to its only inmate, a little, grey, nervous-looking woman, in an old-fashioned purple silk dress.

"How are you to-day, Lady Oswald?"

And Neal, with his quiet, cat-like steps, had followed in the wake of Mr. Cray, unseen by that gentleman, and stood behind him in his respectful attention: there might be some message to carry in to his master. Leaving three patients, who had entered the gate together, to show themselves in alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commence in the present number Mrs. Wood's new story,

OSWALD CRAY,

which is printed from the advance sheets and the manuscript corrections of the distinguished author. We believe there is no lady writer in England whose works have a more extensive sale than Mrs. Wood's; and the announcement of a new work by her doubtless will be received with the liveliest pleasure by a great multitude of admirers upon both sides of the Atlantic. The opening chapter of the work gives the promise of a very interesting story indeed.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.

A "sincere friend of THE POST" calls our attention to one of our advertisements, saying he has tried the article, and that it does not do what the seller says it will. He further says: "Just because *you* advertised it, I got a little."

We hope our friend will excuse us for remarking that we could not help smiling when reading his letter. The idea that the publishers of a paper can be responsible to that extent, for the advertisements contained therein, is certainly a rather verdant one. People advertise, for instance, in THE POST, medicines to cure almost all the diseases to which flesh is liable; does our New Jersey friend expect us to be responsible for the efficacy of these remedies? Must we have a corps of sick editors connected with our establishment, whose business it shall be to test every medicine and plaster before we allow its owner to advertise it? That is what our friend's notion comes to, reduced to practice.

We trust there are not many among our subscribers who hold us responsible for the good quality of the physic, hair grease, hair dye, wigs, artificial legs, cattle powders, books, and so on, which we weekly advertise. If they do, all we have to say is, heaven help their wits! So that an article is not on the face of it injurious and hurtful to the community, we never trouble ourselves with investigating its merits, except as it comes in the way of our own wants. If we were to pursue a different policy, we should employ all our own time in minding other people's business—a philanthropic enterprise which we are not rich enough to embark in.

DANTE.

The six hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante occurs in May, 1865, and the Verona people, and various associations, are already moving toward erecting a monument to his honor.

When Dante lived, we believe, at least three cities aspired to the privilege of burning him alive, if they could only catch him. Now, when six hundred years have elapsed, the same cities are making arrangements for celebrating his centennial anniversary with the highest honors.

Apropos to the above, when Robert Burns lived, he was hardly considered worthy to enter respectable society in the village where he resided—and ever since his death, Scotland has been trying to prove that her treatment of the bard was not nearly so bad as has been generally represented.

One amusing incident connected with Burns is the following. Meeting a pretty young lady in the extensive grounds of one of the "first families" of that portion of the world, he was so struck with her beauty, that he went home and celebrated the occasion by a poem. Before publishing said poem, he wrote to the lady asking permission to insert it in his forthcoming volume. No answer came, however, to what was probably, and not very unreasonably, considered, in view of certain passages in the poem, a piece of downright impertinence on the part of the low-born rustic. In the changes of time, however, Burns became famous. The lady and her friends began to value the poem. Until, now, an inscription, and, if we remember aright, a copy of the verses, are placed at the spot where the meeting took place, to give it due commemoration. It is amusing to note how the whirligig of time thus takes its revenges.

SACRED MUSIC.

A concert of Sacred Music will be given on Tuesday evening, (the 12th inst.,) at St. John's P. E. Church, corner of St. John and Brown streets, Philadelphia, at 8 o'clock. The object of the concert is to aid in paying off a floating debt of $700. Tickets 25 cents.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE. Published by P. C. Browne, Cincinnati. There is more than the average degree of ability in this book. It possesses much interest; the personages that figure in it being well drawn, and the incidents of an absorbing character. We are disposed to find fault with the heroine for deserting her home on account of her husband's short-comings; but, as the author also doubtless thought, she is punished quite sufficiently for it in the course of her wanderings. The book is wretchedly printed, being full of errors, and therefore no great credit to Mr. Browne, the publisher. It is a great disadvantage to a book to be so bunglingly brought out. In a second edition all these faults should be corrected, and the volume thus be given a fair chance.

THE ANNALS OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. We recently noticed the reception of this work, which is probably the handsomest volume illustrative of the officers and great deeds of an army ever published—at least, we have never seen anything of the kind to compare with it. We do not know whether it has met with success equivalent to its merits, but we should think that in the West especially it would have a very large sale.

A very amusing and interesting portion of the work is that devoted to the "Police Record of the Spies, Smugglers and Rebel Emissaries." The accounts of the doings of some of our own spies equal anything we ever read in the respects of adroitness, coolness and daring. We have only room at this time for some of the shorter and more amusing of the anecdotes contained in the work:

AMUSING INSTANCE OF REBEL DESERTION.—After the recent advance of our army upon Bragg at Tullahoma, and his retreat, the Pioneer Brigade pushed on to Elk river to repair a bridge. While one of its men, a private, was bathing in the river, five of Bragg's soldiers, guns in hand, came to the bank and took aim at the swimmer, one of them shouting,—

"Come in here, you —— Yank, out of the wet!"

The Federal was quite sure that he was "done for," and at once obeyed the order. After dressing himself, he was thus accosted:

"You surrender, our prisoner, do ou?"

"Yes; of course I do."

"That's kind. Now we'll surrender to you!" And the five stacked arms before him, their spokesman adding,—

"We've done with 'em and have said to old Bragg, 'good-by!' Scrub is played out. Now you surround us and take us into your camp."

This was done accordingly, and is but one of hundreds of instances of wholesale desertion coming to the knowledge of our officers during the past two months—July and August—in Lower Tennessee.

A SOLDIER'S IDEA OF THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE AT STONE RIVER.—"You say 'you can't understand about army wings, they being crushed, falling back, &c.' Well, here it is, in short. Suppose our army to be like a bird at Stone River, head towards Murfreesborough, its body, Thomas's corps, being the centre, McCook's corps the right wing, spread wide open, and Crittenden's corps, thus spread, the left wing. That will do well enough for illustration. Well, Bragg's army pile in on McCook's wing, at its tip, and break off an inch or so by capturing batteries and several hundred of our men. And the feathers ly mightily all along that wing, and it is overpowered, and falls back in retreat, just as the bird would fold its wing, until it laps right up alongside the centre. That's the way it was done. But they didn't move our head or centre, though.—nary! Well, the reb cavalry, of which they had a powerful slue during this fight came round on our rear on the big Nashville road, where were our hundreds of wagons and ambulances. There, we will say, is the bird's tail; and the supply-wagons, and doctors' tools, and niggers, we'll call them the tail-feathers. Now, them feathers flew some, you better believe!"

We are not sure but that such a narration, made by a private to an old hoosier at a street-corner, gives a more forcible idea of the general result of that battle to many mind than would the most elaborate description.

WHERE THE DAMAGE WAS DONE.—Russell Houston, Esq., an old and prominent citizen of Nashville, and a Union man, had not long ago built him an elegant residence, in the suburbs of the city. It occupied, luckily, a knoll, or swell of land, where it was deemed desirable by our engineers to build fort. When apprized, Mr. Houston made no objection: rather he encouraged and aided them in their plans in the most cheerful and commendable manner. One day some rebel ladies were visiting his family, and attempted consolation, bitterly exclaiming against this "Yankee vandalism."

"Ah, madam," he replied to one of the, "their troops have done me no harm. I was the firing of the first gun of the rebellion at Charleston that destroyed my property!"

THE IRISH SENTINEL.—A son of the Green Isle, a new member of Col. Gilliam's Middle Tennessee Regiment, while stationed at Nashville, recently, was detailed on guard-duty on a prominent street of that city. It was his first experience at guard-mounting, and he strutted along his beat apparently with a full appreciation of the dignity and importance of his position. As a citizen approached, he shouted—

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"A citizen," was the response.

"Advance, citizen, and give the countersign."

"I haven't the countersign; and, if I had, the demand for it at this time and place is something very strange and unusual," rejoined the citizen.

"An', by the howly Moses, ye don't pass this way at all till ye say Bunker Hill," was the reply.

The citizen, appreciating the "situation," advanced and cautiously whispered in his ear the necessary words.

"Right! Pass on." And the wide-awake sentinel resumed his beat.

GENERAL PALMER AND THE HOG.—Two years ago our officers were very strict in respect to foraging upon the individual hook. Ockens and pigs were held sacred, because

"It is a sin
To steal a pin," &c.

But a year or so of earnest war taught the nation a lesson, and this strictness has been greatly relaxed. Now it is practically "root hog, or die" with our soldiers when in the enemy's country.

Early one morning in 1862, while at Farmington, near Corinth, Mississippi, as Brigadier (now Major) General Palmer was riding along his lines, to inspect some breastworks that had been thrown up during the previous night, he came suddenly upon some of the boys of Company I, Twenty-seventh Illinois Volunteers, who had just shot a two hundred pound hog, and were engaged in the interesting process of skinning it. The soldiers were startled; their chief looked astonished and sorrowful.

"Ah! a body—a corpse. Some poor fellow gone to his last home. Well, he must be buried with military honors. Sergeant, call the officer of the guard."

The officer was speedily at hand, and received orders to have a grave dug and the body buried forthwith. The grave was soon prepared, and then the company were mustered. Pall-bearers placed the body of the dead upon a stretcher. The order was given to march, and, with reversed arms and funeral tread, the solemn procession of sixty men followed the body to the grave. Not a word passed nor a muscle of the face stirred while the last rights of sepulture were being performed. The ceremony over, the general and his staff waved their *adieux*, and were soon lost in the distance.

The philosophy of the soldier is usually equal to the emergency. He has read and pondered. He now painfully realizes that flesh is as grass, and that life is but a shadow. But he thinks of the *resurrection*, and his gloom passes away. So with the philosophic boys of Company I, Twenty-seventh Illinois. Ere the general was fairly seated at his own breakfast-table, there was a raising of the dead, and savory pork-steaks were frying in many a camp-pan.

CONQUERING BY STARVATION.—Starving out an enemy may at times be a sure process; but in a country of such vast extent as rebeldom it is certainly a slow one. However, signs ominous of such a result have been visible, and were the subject of a recent discussion by a party of officers at the headquarters of Major General Sheridan, near Murfreesborough. The general was not as sanguine on the point as in any others, and remarked:

"Gentlemen, don't let us be as mistaken in this as I once was in my Missouri campaigning. The word went out, all over the state, that there was a great scarcity of salt; there was no salt for meat, nor even for bread. Because of these reports, I was extremely cautious to shut down on the salt trade in my rear. Not a bushel of salt would I pass into or beyond my lines. In this I thought I was doing good service; but imagine my surprise and hearty disgust, on entering Springfield, Missouri, to find that the only article left behind by Price and his men, in their hasty flight, and of which I found large quantities there, was—salt!"

A REBEL BEECHER.—The Beechers are known throughout the Union as men of talent and of positive views,—many say them extreme, especially on the slavery question. But this rebellion has even cut in twain the family of the Beechers. During the battle of Stone River, Dr. Charles Bunce, of Galesburg, Illinois, assistant surgeon of the 59th Illinois Volunteers, remained upon the field, busily engaged in caring for his wounded men, and with them was made a prisoner. Soon after, while surrounded by a group of rebel officers to whom he had been introduced, he remarked, in the course of conversation, that he was surprised to find even New Yorkers among the officers of the Southern army.

"Worse than that, sir," said a bystander. "In me you see a man from Massachusetts and Illinois. My name is Edward A. Beecher, son of Edward Beecher, President of Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois. Henry Ward Beecher is my uncle."

"Why, Galesburg is my town, and I know your father well," replied the Illinoisitor.

The pleasure of the acquaintance formed was mutual, and the doctor found that he had met with

...ecks...r in appearance and manners. Th's ...Edward the eminent was a quarter... in Gen. Cheatham's division, and ...s to the war had practised law at ...phis, Tennessee. He was not at all ...bitter in his feelings, nor harsh in his views, ...yet was withal a most determined rebel.

AT THE GRAVE.—Upon the battle-field of ...ver the author saw a Northern ...father, ...nding with folded arms and clouded ...firm countenance, while assistants were raising the body of his only son, that he might return with it to the home in the land of prairie and lake. What Cato said of his boy fallen in battle might well have been repeated by that father:

"Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
Welcome, my son! There set him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death when earned by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity 'tis
That we can die but once to save our country!
Why sits that sadness on your brow, my friends?
I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure and flourished in a civil war."

A NEW WORK ON PHOTOGRAPH COLORING, IVORYTYPING, AND IVORY MINIATURE PAINTING, &c. The design of this treatise is to give an easy method of acquiring a correct style and thorough knowledge of the art of Coloring all kinds of Photographic Pictures, including the *beautiful Ivorytype*; together with the art of painting Miniatures on Ivory. It is a book much needed at the present day, there being an increasing demand for good colorists. The author, Mr. Cooper, has spent twenty three years in the practice of the above arts. He says that the process used in Ivorytyping is warranted not to change in any atmosphere or climate, and will even stand the test of acids. Specimens may be seen at the author's rooms. Price $5. Address P. F. Cooper, 1328 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

DEEP WATERS. A Novel. By ANNA H. DRURY, author of "Misrepresentation," "Friends and Fortune," &c. Published by F. H. P. Barnham, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. One of the best novels of the season, as well on account of the interest of its plot, and the purity of its style, as for the excellence of its moral teachings, direct and incidental. There are not many lovelier characters in fiction than that of Eleanor, the injured but loving wife; and the less angel-like, but charmingly human Anne Clavering contrasts admirably with her. The story is a deeply shadowed one, but the animation and ease of the conversational parts, and the absence of anything like morbid sentiment, relieve and brighten its course to a properly happy conclusion.

EMINIE; OR, THE GIPSY'S VOW. By COUSIN MAY CARLETON, uthor of "Silver Star," "Sybil Campbell," &c., &c. Illustrations by Darley. Published by Frederic A. Brady, New York.

LITTLE ANNA. A Story of Pleasant Little Children. By A. STAX. Translated from the German. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. A very pretty story of little girls.

PECULIAR. A Tale of the Great Transition. By Epes Sargent. Published by Carleton, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

☞ It is said that the Government will make no effort to identify the defaulters and public swindlers as will rush to the Treasury all balances justly due. This announcement may encourage some whose consciences are likely to give them trouble.

☞ HOOKER'S BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.—Quartermaster General Meigs, in his lively account of the three days' conflict before Chattanooga, mentions the notable fact that in Gen. Hooker's fight up the slopes of Lookout Mountain, "much of the battle was fought *above the clouds*, which concealed him from our view, but from which his musketry was heard." There is on record at least one parallel to this in the campaign of Napoleon in the Carnic Alps, in 1797. The battle of Col de Tarvis, March 22, 1797, was fought above the clouds—the artillery thundering in the very laboratory of storms and arsenal of the electric batteries—while the cavalry charged and performed their evolutions on the ice, and the infantry floundered to the attack through snow three feet thick.—*N. Y. Times.*

☞ A letter from Sokum-Kale says:—"You are, of course, aware that Schamyl some years back, forgetting his brilliant career, accepted a seraglio and a pension of 1,500 roubles per month from Russia, which he now enjoys at Kalungo. He had then, as lieutenant, Mahomed Emin, who has been at St. Petersburg, where he was well received by the Emperor. He is now in the Turkish territory, and the chief mountaineers having heard that he wishes to return to Circassia, have intimated to him that if he does so, it will be at his own peril, as they cannot consider him anything but a Russian employee."

☞ Some unknown cholera reporter states that a lady who had died of cholera, and was laid out by her friends, was found the night following, standing at the cupboard eating cucumber pickles, or, in other words—

"They left her "a laying in" white,
Prepared for the grave's quiet slumbers;
But they found her the very next night
"A laying in" pickled cucumbers!

☞ The "Moral Club" uses playing cards with a hymn printed on the back of each card—blending morality with amusement.

AN OLD NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

MR. EDITOR: The following quaint "New Year's Address" was, of course, written many years ago, and in times unlike the present, perhaps; but as I think it good for any time, I send it to you; hoping, if it pleases you, that you may reprint it in the "Post." I never saw it in print, nor do I know in what paper it was first published; nor can I give you the author's name—it is unknown to me. Yours, sincerely,

H. S. COREY.

New Year's Address for "Twenty-eight" and "Twenty-nine."

I heard an old man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter,
And the Old Year went moaning by,
And the New came dancing after.
Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear,
Let Revelry hold her ladle,
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier,
Fling roses on the cradle—
Mutes to wait in funeral state,
Pages to pour the wine;
And a requiem to Twenty-eight;
And a health to Twenty-nine!

Alas! for human happiness!
Alas! for human sorrow!
Our yesterday was nothingness;
What else will be our morrow?
Still Beauty must be stealing hearts,
And Knavery stealing purses,
And cooks must live by making tarts,
And wits by making verses.
While sages prate and courts debate,
The same stars set and shine,
And the world as it rolled through Twenty-eight,
Will roll through Twenty-nine.

Some king will come in Heaven's good time,
To the throne his father came to;
Some thief will wade through blood and crime,
To a crown he had no claim to.
Some groaning land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her,
And gather the links of the broken chain,
And bind them proudly round her.
The grand and great will love and hate,
And combat and combine,
And the world as it rolled through Twenty-eight,
Will roll through Twenty-nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the rent,
And Kenyon to sink the nation,
And Shell will abuse the Parliament,
And Peel the Association.
And thoughts of bayonets and swords
Shall make ex-chancellors merry,
And jokes will be cut in the House of Lords,
And throats in the county Kerry.
And men of weight shall hold debate,
On the Cabinet's design;
But just what it did in Twenty-eight,
It will do in Twenty-nine.

Mathews will be extremely gay,
And Hook extremely dirty,
And Brick and Mortar still will say,
"Try Warren, No. 30."
And General Sauce will have its puff,
And so will General Jackson,
And peasants will drink up heavy stuff,
Which they pay a heavier tax on.
But long and late at many a "fete"
Gooseberry champagne will shine,
And as old as it was in Twenty-eight,
It will be in Twenty-nine.

And the Goddess of Love will keep her smiles,
And the God of Cups his orgies,
And there will be riots in St. Giles',
And weddings in St. George's.
And mendicants shall sup like kings,
And kings shall sweat like lackeys,
And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
And rings oft lead to black eyes.
And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
With a dialect all divine.
Alas! they were married in Twenty-eight,
They will part in Twenty-nine.

John Thomas Mugg, on a lonely hill,
Will do a deed of mystery,
And the "Morning Chronicle" will fill
Five columns with the history.
The jury will be all in surprise,
The prisoner quite collected,
And Justice Park will wipe his eyes,
And be very much affected.
And men will relate poor Corder's fate,
As they hurry home to dine,
Comparing the hangings of Twenty-eight,
With the hangings of Twenty-nine.

A curate will go from the house of prayer,
To wrong his worthy neighbor,
By dint of quoting the texts of Blair,
And singing the songs of Weber.
Sir Harry will leave his craven hounds,
To trace the guilty parties,
And ask of the court five thousand pounds,
To show how racked his heart is.
And an advocate will execrate
The spoiler of Hymen's shrine,
And the speech that did for Twenty-eight
Will do for Twenty-nine.

My uncle will swathe his gouty limbs,
And tell of his oils and blubbers;
My aunt, Miss Debbs, will play longer hymns,
And rather longer rubbers.
My cousin in Parliament will prove
How utterly ruined trade is;
My brother at Eton will fall in love
With half a hundred ladies.
My tyrant will date his pride from plate,
And his thirst from Bordeaux wine:
His nose was red in Twenty-eight,
'Twill be redder in Twenty-nine.

Thus shall see how, day by day,
All ages and things grow older,
How smile of pleasure grows less gay,
And heart of friendship colder.
But I shall be what I have been,
Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
And sel; troubled with the spleen,
And fond of talking treason.
I'll keep gate, and buckle my skate,
And thee, and write, my line,
And the girl that I loved in Twenty-eight,
I shall whip in Twenty-nine.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

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THE BOSTON FAIR.

The Fair for the United States Sanitary Commission which opened at Music Hall, in Boston, on Monday evening, Dec. 14th, closing on the night of the 21st, was densely thronged during the entire week. The receipts in the hands of the treasurer up to Friday night, were $86,000. Some of the ladies at the largest tables had up to that time handed in nothing, preferring to pay in the entire amount received by them at the close of the Fair. It was at that time estimated that the gross receipts would be considerably over $100,000.

The entrance fee for the first evening was $3, and for reserved seats in the balconies $1 additional. Many were turned from the doors, unable to obtain admittance. The appearance of the Governors of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, with their respective staffs, was the signal for the curtain to fall, which before had concealed the great organ from sight, and this wonderful instrument, in all its grandeur and marvellous beauty, was revealed to the audience. No one but a musical connoisseur should attempt a description of the organ concert that followed. The vast crowd listened in wrapt silence, with eyes riveted upon the instrument, whose great "throbbing heart" was sending forth waves of melody in such volume, that they "filled and saturated" the entire space. During the intervals the crowd moved slowly around the Hall, examining as best they could the wealth of beautiful and useful articles that were displayed upon and hung over the tables. In the entrance hall and lobbies were placed the most bulky contributions; among which we noticed articles of furniture, *a drove of sheep* from New Hampshire, a steam engine, some hand cars and a fire engine. Four pianos were contributed by the Messrs. Chickering and their workmen. Quantities of butter and cheese were donated from the country. Twenty-four tables were waited upon by ladies residing in Boston and the surrounding towns. Two tables in the centre of the room were furnished and waited upon by Associate Managers from New Hampshire and Vermont, which states were represented by most liberal contributions. The fire engine, which was a beautiful specimen of its kind, was contributed from Concord, N. H. A thorough bred colt was among the donations. An additional fee of twenty-five cents admitted you into the curiosity rooms, where were relics of all descriptions, from the pins used by the witches of Salem to exquisite works of art from the old world. The "archery and fishing grounds" was a novel idea, and afforded much amusement to the young people. The Sanitary Commission tent, with an entrance fee of twenty-five cents, contained relics of battles, photographs, etc., and was an object of additional interest from the fact of its having been the first tent used by the agents of the Commission. It was decorated with rebel flags, taken by our victorious troops. The flower table and the refreshment room were well patronized, and the little newspaper office received its share of attention from those who were anxious to keep copies of "The Knapsack" as souvenirs of the fair, or to obtain information as to who were the fortunate drawers of the elegant articles that were raffled. Had we space we should like to enumerate some of the latter. A portfolio of exquisite paintings, contributed by the first artists of our day, was one of the most attractive. At the Atheneum were exhibited a magnificent collection of paintings, lent for the occasion by their owners. Our attention was particularly called to a figure of "Eternity," by the master of Guido, in which the soul seemed absolutely to look from the serene depths of the up-turned eyes, and the arms, and hands, and drapery, were drawn and colored as only a master could. "Lorenzo and Jessica," by Allston; the head of a Jew; Ary Schaeffer; Dante and Beatrice; a lovely Albano; a beautiful Andrew del Sarto; a Bellaverti; a Carlo Maratti, and others, by Teniers, Turner, Salvator Rosa, etc. At Allston Hall, during every evening of the week, dramatic entertainments were given for the benefit of the Fair. The tableaux which we had the pleasure of witnessing were exceedingly beautiful, and the comedy of "The Maid of the Milking Pail" could not have been better enacted than it was by this patriotic and amateur young corps. Here, also, the Hall was crowded every evening, at one dollar admittance.

On Tuesday afternoon, a meeting of the Executive Committee of the N. E. W. A., and their associate managers, together with representatives of the various branches of the Sanitary Commission, was held at 22 Summer street, which was highly interesting and instructive to those who were present; drawn together as they were by the bonds of sympathy that unite all those who are laboring from worthy motives in this holy cause.

We could not but think of the pleasure that it would give us to welcome to our rooms the associate managers connected with our Branch; and we shall look forward to such a meeting in the spring, should the measures now proposed for a Festival and Fair, to be held here at that time, be carried into execution.

We cut the following notice of the Fair from the "Boston Transcript":

The Fair at the Music Hall, the present week, in aid of the Sanitary Commission, surpasses, in the interest and enthusiasm it has elicited, all previous exhibitions of the same kind in this city. For many months, hundreds of patriotic women, scattered throughout New England, have labored in the preparation of articles for this grand sale. Many ladies of Boston, on going to the sea shore, or to their country residences, to pass the summer months, devoted their leisure time to working for the Fair. During July and August, at the fashionable watering places, the great sale to be held in Boston was a prominent topic of conversation. Pastime and patriotism were thus profitably blended.

A marked peculiarity of this Fair is the universal participation in it by all classes and conditions of people, from the humblest to the most opulent. There never was an exhibition in New England which so enlisted the sympathies and efforts of the whole community. The ample and loaded tables at the Music Hall attest to the zeal and industry which the sale has evoked. Among the contributions are articles of all descriptions, from those of mere utility to the most beautiful productions of artistic elegance. All departments of effort have contributed to make the Fair an unmistakable success.

The results of the united exertions of so many thousands at home will cheer the hearts of our brave soldiers in the field. Such a response from the great popular heart as has been witnessed during the past week affords convincing proof, if any were needed, of the unswerving loyalty of our people, their exceeding willingness to give liberally to relieve the distresses incident to war, and the thoughtful care for the defenders of the Union entertained by those for whom they are risking the hazards of service against the enemy.

The capacity of Music Hall has been altogether too limited for the number seeking admission. Twice on Tuesday was it found necessary to stop the sale of tickets, and on Wednesday the price was doubled for admission in the forenoon, yet still the hall could not hold all desiring to attend. On that day, hundreds were disappointed in gaining entrance. The fact was, the whole people had determined to attend the Fair, and the only disappointment experienced in some cases was, that no opportunity could be obtained to contribute to the worthy object.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held Nov. 30th, the appointment of the following associate managers was unanimously confirmed:

Mrs. A. M. Holstein, Norristown.
Mrs. Sarah Johnston, Trenton, N. J.
Mrs. D. R. Banks, Hollidaysburg.
Mrs. M. J. Nevin, Lancaster.
Miss C. L. Mitchell, Burlington, N. J.
Mrs. Charles Graeff, Claymont, Del.
Mrs. S. M. Widener, Fleming P. O.

Also,

At a meeting of the same, held Dec. 7th:
Mrs. H. N. Brink, Le Raysville.
Mrs. S. E. Atherton, Wilkesbarre.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Dec. 21st, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Soldiers' Relief, Bordentown, N. J., 2 boxes; tub of butter, unknown donor; School Lane Circle, clothing, Mrs. W. T. Johnson, Sec'y; a friend, jellies; Army Aid, Bridgeport, Montgomery co., 1 box; Sarah B. Young and daughter, Berwick, Columbia co., 1 box; Mrs. M. W. Jackson and Mrs. W. H. Wooden, Berwick, Columbia co., 1 box; Colebrookdale Works, Pottstown P. O., Montgomery co., 1 bbl. potatoes; a lady, Rupert, Cambria co., 1 box; Second Unitarian Society, 1 box; Mrs. Henry K. Strong, socks; Ladies' Aid, Jenkintown, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, St. George's, Del., 2 boxes, 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Tamaqua, Schuylkill co., 6 boxes, 1 keg, No 37, 2 bbls; Soldiers' Aid, Hollidaysburg, Blair co., 5 boxes, Nos 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 2 kegs; Soldiers' Aid, Wellsboro', 1 box, No 10, 1 bbl., 1 box, No 14; Summit House Hospital for Richmond prisoners, 3 pkgs.; Miss S. Hayes, mittens; 1 box, unknown; Vaughn Sewing Circle, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, North Branch and Sciota, Wyoming co., 1 box; T. Jenkins, carver, Plymouth co., Mass., 1 bbl.; Mrs. S. Utter, Milford, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Allentown, Lehigh co., 2 boxes, 1 bbl; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co., 9 boxes, 3 bbls., 2 kegs; Cuyler Hospital, Germantown, empty bbls.; Soldiers' Aid, Demisville, Cape May co., N. J., 1 box; Aid Society, Hartford, 1 box, 1 bbl; Mrs. E. C. R. Latimer, Wilmington, Del., 1 box, 1 demijohn blackberry cordial; Mrs. Edward Yarnall, preserves; Ladies' Aid, Reading, 1 bbl. apples and potatoes; Mansfield, Tioga co., 1 bbl.; Hillside Aid Society, 1 bbl.; Soldiers' Aid of M. E. Coventry, near Pottsville, Pa., 1 box; 1 pkg., unknown; Chester County Central Aid, 1 bag.

☞ THE SUN ONE OF THE SMALLEST OF THE FIXED STARS.—If the distance imputed to several of our fixed stars from parallax be true, recent photometrical researches show our glorious luminary to be a very small star indeed; and (it has been reverently remarked upon this,) to the human understanding thus enlightened, more than ever must the heavens declare the glory of God.

☞ The Bostonians are still rejoicing over the fact that they at last have an organ, and have sent on to Dr. Bellows to come and blow it for them. It is said to contain all the pipes that could be found in the country, except Jeemes Pipes, of Pipesville, and to be distinguished from all other moral instruments by having a double set of night-keys.—*N. Y. Leader.*

☞ If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

MUSSELS.

One day at a watering place, when the tide was out, my attention was attracted by some wooden piles which were deep down in the water when the tide was up. In the first place, every one of these piles was one solid mass of mussels and barnacle-shells, from about a foot above the point where the pile entered the mud (the cunning rascals kept well out of reach of the mud) up to the highest point touched by the water at high tide. Mussels, mussels everywhere. In some places they were in solid sheets, like an iron plate of a man-of-war; in others they hung down in long and massive festoons, like the vallance over a drawing-room curtain; or, again, they had assumed the forms of elegant clusters, like bunches of gigantic Hamburgh black grapes. Strange to say, out of all these millions of mussels there were hardly any loose at all. If you examined how this was, you would find that each and every shell had anchored himself either to the neighboring shell or on to the substance of the pile which he had chosen for his residence, and this not by a single cable, but by a multitude of small cables, each about the size of one thread of common tow, and curiously enough about the same color. These cables had been evidently all extruded from one particular spot in the shell, and from this point they radiated in all possible directions. The consequence of this firm lashing is that it requires considerable force to tear the shell away from its place. I have measured this force, and find that it requires a pull of no less than five pounds and a half to tear off a shell not much larger than a common filbert. Imagine, therefore, hundreds of these shells all matted together in this wonderful way, and we have a solid mass which will defy the terrific force of the highest and most powerful waves that ever rolled along in their gigantic magnificence and strength.

It is too much the fashion of the present day to refer objects of natural history as an ultimatum to the cook—that is to say, the first idea in the minds of many worthy folks when they first examine a fish, a bird, a shell, or a beast, is, "I wonder if he is good to eat." My friends, everything is not created for the special purpose of being eaten. To take the instance in point: mussels certainly are sold in the market as human food; but that is not their special mission in life. Their office in the economy of the sea is to form a soldering and a matting material to hold together portions of rocks, &c., forming the sea-shore, which otherwise might in time become disintegrated and torn to pieces by the force of the waves. It is really very interesting to mark the analogous operations of nature on land and on sea. The vast dunes or banks of loose seasand on the coast of Holland, and many parts of England, would become the sport of the wind and tide, if it were not for a peculiar plant, which gives out enormous long roots and joins masses of sand together, like the iron bands round a bale of wool, as we see hoisted out of the holds of the Australian clippers. So in the sea itself, the blocks of mussels act with a force a thousand times stronger than any mechanical contrivance that human art could devise, and convert into a solid mass what would otherwise be loose, shifting and disintegrated. Reader, can you now apply this fact to practical purposes? Of course you can.

Supposing you were building a breakwater, and you found that the waves in stormy weather disturbed your work, what would you do? Why, naturally, you would work with nature's own tools; you would collect tons of mussels, and place them upon your breakwater; in course of time they would begin their work (like a lot of young women making a patchwork quilt) they would spin their delicate but yet wire-like threads here, there, everywhere, and would consolidate and fix your breakwater in a far more efficacious manner than all the engineering talent in the world. Do not therefore despise the poor mussel, though his family is worth only "twopence a quart." He may be the means of saving your own life, or the life of some dear friend or relative, when, tossed about by the stormy equinoctial gales, the noble East Indiamen, with her valuable freight, casts anchor behind the breakwater, which the despised, and apparently insignificant shell has so largely contributed to erect.

FRANK BUCKLAND.

☞ The Troy Whig says:—"A gentleman of this city who took occasion on last Sabbath, to doctor some cider, so as to keep it sweet, was taken to task by his good wife, for laboring on the Sabbath. His reply was, that no good Christian ought to find fault with his work on that day, as he had been doing his best to prevent his cider from working."

☞ FIRST LOVE.—And yet the sweetest things of life are its "might have beens." Willis says:—"There is nothing more touching than the happiness which is approached without being reached." Love itself is like the humming-bird—a winged gem; a meteor of this lower atmosphere; a blazing, darting, crazing thing; which caught, caged, caressed, drops down dull and cold, the grey of death upon its plumes like ashes on the ember. Ah! first love is true love, because it is pursuit, not victory.

☞ In this world we must deal with fact. It is vain for men to live in mid-air—they were made with feet, and not with wings.

LATEST NEWS.

The steamer Massachusetts brings Charleston advices of the 24th inst. She has on board a portion of the obstructions laid down by the rebels in Charleston harbor. Nothing of importance has occurred off Charleston. The Ironsides and monitors are all riding safely at their anchors.

A letter dated at Beaufort, S. C., on the 22nd inst., says that an expedition was on the point of starting, but that its destination was unknown. The order to strike tents was issued at 6 o'clock in the morning, and in four hours the men had started.

Great excitement exists at Calais, Maine, in consequence of fears that the rebels in St. Johns, N. B., contemplate a raid into Maine. The citizens of Calais have been formed into companies of Home Guards, and are ready for any attack.

Warrants have been issued in Halifax for the arrest of eight of the pirates of the Chesapeake, but as the police there are in the interest of the rebels, it is very doubtful if any arrests will be made.

Advices from Texas state that Gen. Washburne has started for Lavaca and Indianola with a large force.

The town of Culpeper is now held by a strong body from the Army of the Potomac.

A division of French troops recently left the City of Mexico, but being outflanked, were forced to return to their quarters.

☞ It is deplorable that few even of the educated in England know how to speak and write the English language with precision and correctness. Every man I meet speaks of his *idears*, whether he has ideas or not; if I go to church, a venerable and estimable clergyman discourses to me on the *Lawr* of *Jehovahr*; and people talk familiarly enough of *laying abed*. Let us rebuke these intolerable barbarisms.—*Correspondent of English paper.*

☞ The last fashionable production in London in the book line is a "perfumed almanac."

☞ The high prices ruling in the United States contrast strongly with those that content the London dealers. Good stout Brussels carpets are sold in London at 62½c. per yard, and velvet carpets at 75c. per yard. A "Prince of Wales" couch costs $17,50; a Prince's easy chair, $7,50; and full-sized iron bedsteads, $1,62½.

☞ A remarkable petrification of an entire tree was lately discovered in the Baltimore mine, at Wilkesbarre, by the miners, while blasting for coal. The piece of the trunk taken out weighs 5,000 pounds, and still there remain the roots and the top of the tree embedded in the coal. There are also to be found in the same mine petrifications of the cactus, and other plants peculiar to a tropical climate. How came these in Pennsylvania?

☞ A Liverpool paper makes the following interesting statement: "We are glad to announce that the lady resident at Torquay, who, it will be remembered, became so great an admirer of Mr. Disraeli, is just dead, and has left a very handsome legacy to the right honorable gentleman. The amount of the legacy, we believe, is £40,000, and Mr. Disraeli is also appointed sole executor under the will of the deceased. The lady was in no way related to the conservative leader, but was an entire stranger to him."

☞ INTERESTING TO OFFICE-SEEKERS.—While President Lincoln was confined to his house, with the varioloid, some friends called to sympathize with him, especially on the character of his disease. "Yes," he said, "it is a bad disease, but it has its advantages. For the first time since I have been in office, I have something now to *give* to everybody that calls."

☞ A Mr. Watson, of somewhere, proposes to displace our gossamer flag, which the breeze delights to dally with and in whose freedom our own is typified, by a flag of *sheet iron*, with the stars and stripes *painted* upon it.

☞ USEFUL HINTS.—Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach; nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the thin vapor.

☞ THE PRESIDENT TO QUEEN VICTORIA.—There is a well authenticated story, in private circles, that, a few months ago, when the rebel rams were about ready to leave Liverpool, and our affairs with England were most fearful and threatening, President Lincoln wrote a personal private letter to Queen Victoria, on the subject, and from its reception by her dates the new and more just policy of the English Government towards us. A singular and pleasant bit of political history, if true—and if not true it is very like at least.—*Springfield Republican.*

☞ The recent report of a committee on grapes, to the Ohio Horticultural Society, thus sets forth the qualities of some new seedlings that had been injudiciously named: "It appeared to the committee that Lydia was rather acid, that Mary was pretty good, with a thick skin, and that Ellen was rather sub acid, with a Catawba flavor."

☞ The richest individual in England is the Marquis of Westminster, whose daily income is estimated at $5,000. The Rothschilds, four of them, are the richest house in Europe, and their income is estimated at nine millions a year, or a thousand dollars an hour.

☞ Elihu Burritt has been walking from one end to the other of Great Britain, from Land's End to John O'Groats, a distance of over six hundred miles, and will publish his "Notes by the Way."

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

FOR 1864.

Sitting alone by the winter fire,
This last night of the year—
With the curtains drawn, and the lamps aglow,
And the old cat purring near,
I fell asleep in my elbow-chair,
And dreamed a dream in the silence there.

I.

Methought there came through the open door,
A glorious, shining Thing:
An Angel-Presence, wondrous fair,
Apparelled like a king;
Bright-haired and blushing as the dawn,
His eyes, like opals, changed and shone.

He took my hand—I met his glance—
It thrilled through every limb,
Obedient to his voiceless call,
I rose and followed him:
Out in the midnight, cold and dim,
With dreaming feet, I followed him.

The moon was up—the stars were clear—
The sky was full of God!
It was the last night of the year,
And hundreds were abroad:
But thro' the crowd and the hurrying throng,
I and the angel sped along.

Past noble mansions proud and fair,
Flooded with rosy light,
Whence sounds of mirth and music rare
Stole out upon the night;
And Dives, flushed with wine, forgot
The naked Lazarus without.

Past banquet-halls, where women's eyes
Outvied the champagne foam;
Past opera-houses, bright as day,
And thronged from pit to dome;
Past luxury and pomp and pride,
I hurried onward with my Guide.

But when the streets grew small and gray,
And few the lights and dim,
The human current ebbed away,
And I, alone with him,
Saw naught behind me or before,
Except the hovels of the poor.

My heart and eyes o'erflowed with tears,
Too solemn to dissemble,
In every belfry far and near
The bells began to tremble;
And roar of cannon—crack of gun—
Told that the Old Year's sands were run.

Then my companion spoke: "O, hark!
O hear the midnight chime!
The Old Year's dead, and I am King,
The youngest-born of Time!
As monarch of the glad New Year,
My reign, my mission opens here."

II.

And then around, above, below,
The sound of wings I heard:
With flutt'ring pinions, white as snow,
The frosty air was stirr'd;
And glittering spirits, floating o'er us,
Sang as they went, a silvery chorus:

"Hail! hail! hail!
Hail to the glad New Year!
The stars in the quiet sky grow pale,
And slowly disappear;
And Morn on the altars of the Night,
Like sacrificial priest,
Upraises in the glorious east
A chalice full of light—
Hail! to the glad New Year!"

III.

Ere the sweet song was hush'd, I felt
The Monarch's hand on mine;
And through the frosty windows 'sound
Dim lights began to shine;
The doors flew wide on every side,
I entered with my Angel Guide.

Oh! may I never see again
So sad a sight as that!
The hearth was cold—the cupboard bare—
They shivered as they sat;
Poor hungry wretches heaped together,
Like fallen leaves in wintry weather.

Women and men and little ones,
With Want in eye and brow:
They lifted up their hands and cried:
"Oh! Heaven help us now!
Must we in hunger, cold and pain,
Live through another year again?"

Then with his godlike face aglow
With godlike sympathy,
The Angel-Presence by my side
Spoke low and soothingly:
"God's will be done in every lot—
Patience, sweet friends, and murmur not!

"Unwelcome though my visit be,
I do not come alone,
The tender Christ of Nazareth
Doth not forget His own;
He who was once despised and poor,
Comes with the New Year to the door."

IV.

How lovely is his mantling bloom!
How brilliant are his eyes!
A warmth and radiance fill the room,
The shivering ones arise;
They do not murmur now, nor fear,
But sing: "God bless the glad New Year!"

The mother claps her ragged babe,
And dreams of warm attire:
The father tells his hungry boy,
"Thou shalt have food and fire;"
And all unto the King draw near,
And sing: "God bless the bright New Year!"

Then outward in the early dawn
I and the Monarch go,
To carry comfort and relief
To other haunts of Woe;
The morning star hangs in the East,
The cold is still, the wind has ceas'd.

Now in the maniac's wretched cell,
Breathing his fevered breath:
Now at the sick-bed of a child,
Whose New Year's gift is—Death;
Now in a prison, barred and drear,
Bringing the fettered captive cheer.

On, thro' the breaking day, we speed
With Love's unflagging pace:
The sunshine crowns the Monarch's head,
And brightens his noble face;
Down the long street we swiftly glide,
The hospital-doors stand open wide.

V.

Sick—sick—sick—
The sick are on every side,
Soldiers wounded and sick to death,
Fevered and hollow-eyed;
Turning about on their pillows hot,
Murmuring and raving—they know not what.

Here is a boy from Michigan,
There is a lad from Maine;
Hundreds are here from the Keystone State,
Haggard with months of pain;
From North and South—from East and West,
There are crowds of our bravest and our best.

They lift their heads—they lift their hands—
(Those who have strength to move,)
They look on the New Year entering in
With eyes of tenderest love;
Their voices are feeble and faint to hear,
But they cry: God bless the glad New Year!

"The glad New Year which will heal our wounds,
And make us strong again:
Which will give us back lost health and hope,
And make us happy men;
Hurrah! then, boys—one hearty cheer—
Thank God! who sends the bright New Year!"

IV.

Then in the centre of the room
The Angel Presence stands,
And calms the tumult with a wave
Of his uplifted hands:
"Courage! heroic men!" he cries;
And the tears are shining in his eyes.

"Courage! brave soldiers, one and all!
Your wounds outshine the stars:
The fairest ornaments you wear
Are these unsightly scars:
Your haggard faces, tann'd and brown,
Are the richest jewels in my crown!

"Courage! the night is very dark,
But the blessed dawn is nigh—
Back to the shelter of the Ark
The birds of promise fly;
And their airy flight will never cease
Till they bring us the olive-branch of Peace!"

"Peace!" and the glorious spirit lifts
His shining eyes to Heaven—
"O Lord! my God! may this priceless gift
To my opening reign be given!
May Discord die and War decay,
And Peace and Union live for aye!"

VIII.

Once more around, above, below,
The sound of wings I hear:
On fluttering pinions, white as snow,
The glittering shapes appear;
And, like a chime of silver bells,
Once more the solemn chorus swells:

"Hail! hail! hail!
Hail! to the glad New Year!
The stars in the rosy dawn may pale
And slowly disappear:
But when the night
Of the New Year bright
Returns again to the dark'ning skies—
In fresher glory they shall arise,
In newer, purer light!"

So may the lost stars of our land,
The lights in our country's firmament,
Renew their glory, and rise again,
When the day of wrath is spent!
And crown'd with comfort and good cheer,
Rebellions o'er, and tumults cess'd,
May North and South and West and East
Immortalize the Year!
The board is spread—the wine flows clear,
While Peace and Union hover near;
Hail! to the Monarch of the Feast!
Hail to the glad New Year!

MISTRESS AND MAIDS.

"She's as mean as dirt," said the cook; "that's what *I* say."

"Dirt is gold to her," said the housemaid; "that's what *I* say."

"So," said Mrs. Thorn—whose hearing was far too quick for her peace of mind, for she heard these remarks just as she got to the parlor door—"so, that's the way they speak of me behind my back, is it? That's my return for all the kindness I've shown them of late. The very last time I went to town I bought a new gown for cook; and it was only last week that Jane went home to see her mother, and took a nice present of wine and sago for her. But Mrs. Gordon may say what she likes; kindness is of no use, it only spoils them. However, I'll know the meaning of this. I haven't been satisfied with Jane, though I've tried to keep it in; she looked quite sulky when I showed her the spots on the fire-irons and the dust on the door-ledge. And as to cook, I know what she means by meanness. She expects me to allow more sugar for the kitchen; but I shan't do it; I won't be imposed upon. I don't care for the value of the sugar; but I will be mistress in my own house, and do as I think proper with my own things." Then, laying her hand on the bell, she gave it a violent pull; but at the same time the door-bell pealed, and in the jingle of the two bells together the servants hardly knew what was wanted.

"It's the door," said the cook.

"No, it's missus," said the housemaid; but the knocker ended their doubts.

"Run," said the cook; "it's a visitor."

And when the drawing-room door opened it was to admit, not the offending cook and housemaid, to receive their dismissal, but Mrs. Gordon, a pleasant-looking widow-lady—a welcome guest wherever there was the smallest moiety of good sense or good feeling in the house she visited.

She was a clear-headed, kind-hearted woman, who had not passed through life without learning something of her own imperfections; and self-knowledge had made her tender towards the infirmities of others. She was a great stickler for the due discharge of social and relative duties; not on one side only, but on both. She had not one sort of justice for the strong and another for the weak; and thus, with regard to servant and mistress, she stood up as resolutely for the one side as the other. Many a young housekeeper had she helped through the difficulties of her position. Where her advice was well received, she rejoiced; but where self-conceit caused it to be rejected, she quietly withdrew. But, while sincerely desirous of being helpful to any or all that would allow her to help, she was most anxious to give the benefit of her experience and matured judgment to such of her younger friends as made a profession of religion. "It is sad to see," she would say sometimes, "how much discredit is cast upon the gospel by the mere inconsiderateness of those who profess to be guided by it."

"I have brought you a few lilies," she said, "for the pretty new stand Mr. Thorn bought for you last week. Shall Jane bring a little water, and we will put them in before they fade?"

It was a great relief to Mrs. Thorn, now that her temper had had time to cool itself, to see her kind friend come in; for she had scarcely touched the bell before she had a nervous misgiving that her intended interview with her servants would not end either to her satisfaction or advantage. Wherever Mrs. Gordon went she was liked by the servants; they had a sort of instinctive feeling that her visits were productive of good, and that everybody was more comfortable for them.

Jane curtsied, and went with alacrity for the water, and very respectfully admired the lilies; and altogether looked so good-tempered, that Mrs. Thorn was disarmed of a little of her wrath.

"You are looking pale, my dear," said the good widow, seating herself on the sofa by the side of the young wife. "Is it a headache?"

"Not exactly a headache," said Mrs. Thorn; "but—but the truth is, I have been a little put out."

"Baby cutting another tooth?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"Oh, no; she is quite well. It's quite a different thing, that I'm ashamed of telling you. You'll think I'm always complaining; and I'm sure I wish to be just, and follow your advice; but—"

"What's the matter?" said Mrs. Gordon, smiling. "You can't follow my advice if I don't give it; and I can't give it if I don't know what's the matter."

"Well, it's these servants," said Mrs. Thorn; "you don't know how I've tried lately to do everything that I could about which we are told in that beautiful chapter of Proverbs we read together."

"Oh! about 'the excellent woman,'" said her friend.

"Yes; I have tried to look well to the ways of my household, and to speak with wisdom, and to let kindness be the law of my tongue. Those were the three things, you know," she said, smiling, "that had chiefly to do with servants in the chapter."

"Yes, my dear," said her friend; "and if you have tried your best, in the strength of God, to follow that rule, although you may not have done as well as you or I could wish you had, I dare say you haven't done badly, and are in the way to go on to better and better."

"You always encourage me," said Mrs. Thorn; "but although I have tried, I must have been wrong somewhere, or else they would be better."

"I have noticed often," said the widow, "that when a young Christian—that is, one who is young in the Christian life, as you are—begins to follow any path of duty in a conscientious and self-denying manner, a host of enemies will rise in opposition, sometimes outward, sometimes inward. Now, you know, in trying to be a faithful mistress, you have to wage war with no less than the world, the flesh, and the devil; and, if you haven't all three upon you at once, you're sure to have one or other of them."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Thorn, folding her hands and looking down.

Mrs. Gordon smiled.

"Well, it really sounds formidable; but it is true. There is the world, now. Mistresses who seek only their own pleasure and ease will indulge servants that answer their purpose in ways very injurious to them, in order to retain their services; and a Christian mistress, who dares not do this, must submit to be called severe—unkind."

"That's just it," said Mrs. Thorn, looking up. "Now the Thompsons gave a ball last week to their servants, and they were allowed to invite any that they pleased; they invited ours. I don't think cook cared much about it, but Jane was dreadfully put out because I would not let them go; and she has been sullen ever since, on and off, and everything I have told her has offended her."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Gordon; "she'll get over it in time."

"Yes; but it's very trying," said Mrs. Thorn.

"To your temper?" said Mrs. Gordon. "Yes, there's the flesh. It would be easy enough for you to stand firm in your duty of watchfulness over them, if you knew that they would agree with you; but the trial is, after you have done your best, to have them against you. Their temper being ruffled, ruffles yours; and your pride is up; and altogether the flesh, or evil nature, is very rampant—isn't it so?"

Mrs. Thorn smiled mournfully.

"And then, my dear," continued her friend, "we mustn't forget that the old adversary, who is ever on the watch to provoke converts young and old, so as to make them throw stumbling-blocks in the way of others, takes advantage of your weakness, your want of faith, charity, and humility, and tries to trip you up."

"Well, I often wish I had no servants," said Mrs. Thorn. "I'm sure this is all true; but it seems impossible to do right, and I'm almost in despair."

"That's better than *quite*," said her friend, cheerfully; "but has anything particular happened? I thought Jane looked remarkably smiling when she let me in."

"Well, *you* might call it a trifle," said Mrs. Thorn; "but it shocked me, because I felt I didn't deserve it." Then she entered into a long history of her kitchen retrenchments, which had provoked, as she believed, the offensive expressions that were made use of concerning her.

"Oh, dear! Well, that was very bad," said Mrs. Gordon; "but how came you to let them use such words? I wonder they were not afraid, for their character's sake, to speak in that way before you."

Not answering this, Mrs. Thorn went on to enumerate the many kindnesses and indulgences which she had lately bestowed upon them, which in her eyes greatly increased their ingratitude.

"I don't know how it is, my dear; but somehow," said the widow, "we are apt to think more of the kindnesses we do, especially to servants, than they are worth, and less than we ought of the kindnesses we receive from them and others. You look surprised; but I noticed several little kindnesses that Jane rendered to you, which were as great in kind as yours of sending money to her mother."

Mrs. Thorn lifted her eyes incredulously.

"Didn't you see how carefully she took up the spots of water that fell on your workbox as you filled the stand? You didn't tell her, for you didn't observe it—it was a spontaneous act of watchful attention on her part; and, if you remember, she asked if she hadn't better shut the window, on account of toothache you had been suffering from."

"Yes—but," said Mrs. Thorn.

"You think such trifles of no consideration, I see," said the widow; "*I* don't. When my servants proffer those small kindnesses to me I receive them gratefully, as indications of a spirit that would do more, if position and power were given to do it. But tell me, I repeat, how could you let them say such things to you?"

"Oh, they didn't say it to me," said Mrs. Thorn; "I heard them. They spoke loud as I passed the top of the kitchen staircase."

"I suppose," said the widow, after a moment's muse, "you are sure they were speaking of *you*?"

"Well," said Mrs. Thorn, "I imagine so; for whom else could they have been speaking of?"

"Then you were not mentioned by name?"

The words were now repeated, as exactly as Mrs. Thorn could remember them.

"I dare say," said the widow laughing, "it will turn out to be somebody else; but, even if not, remember what is said in the Book of wisdom, were even such a case as this is provided for. 'Take no heed unto all words that are spoken, lest thou hear thy servant curse thee: for oftentimes also thine own heart knoweth that thou thyself likewise hast cursed others.' Now isn't this borne out? You think nothing of sitting with me, and calling these women ungrateful and sullen; what more harm would there be, if they thought it, in their telling one another that they thought you mean?"

"You are quite right," said the young housekeeper. "I am so much obliged to you."

"Yes, I am right, my dear," said Mrs. Gordon; "and must be, while I have wisdom for my guide. But take my advice in this matter: trouble your head no further about what you heard; pray for an increase of wisdom and of charity; and think more of what you, as Christ's servant, owe to them, than of what they owe to you."

This interview took a load off the heart of the young housekeeper.

"What a treasure she is!" she said, as she heard her old friend chatting cheerfully in the hall with Jane, on her way out; and so Jane seemed to think when she came into the room with a smiling face, and saying, "If you please, ma'am, did you want anything just as Mrs. Gordon came? Didn't you ring the bell at the same time she did?"

"Yes, I did, Jane," said Mrs. Thorn; "but—"

"Oh, dear, ma'am, see," said Jane; "the water's dropping from the ends of the leaves; the stand is too full," and she ran for a duster.

"You'd best not put your hands to the cold water, had you, ma'am, for fear you should bring on the toothache again?" she said, seeing that her mistress was going to empty the stand.

"I don't want toothache, again," said Mrs. Thorn, smiling.

"Oh dear, no! no, ma'am," said Jane; "it's a shocking bad pain. I've had it all the last week, so that I couldn't sleep at nights, and it's made me so dull; and so has cook had a touch of rheumatism, too, in her mouth."

"That accounts for the sullenness," thought Mrs. Thorn.

"But I think cook caught it," continued Jane, as she rubbed the table, "going out in the wind, when she went to ask Mrs. Baker what she'd allow for all those old things in the back kitchen that you said she might sell; and a very handsome present it would have been, only the old woman's so mean, for all she's rich. Cook says she's as mean as dirt!"

"How Mrs. Gordon will laugh at me," thought Mrs. Thorn. "Well, never mind. I'm glad it's happened; for I've learnt a lesson that I hope I shan't forget."

"How much better missus looks to-day," said Jane, in the evening.

"Yes; I haven't seen her so pleasant for this week past," said cook. "Poor thing! I hope she won't get the toothache again."

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever was before!

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea!

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dark and shadowy stream
That bursts at last into light!

Father, perfect my love;
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death—

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think!

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

Some years ago two gentlemen and a lady had taken their places in the diligence from Paris to Havre. One of the gentlemen, M. Mallaquet, a merchant of the capital, as indolent in mind as in body, slept profoundly from the commencement; the other, M. Lussac, a commercial traveller, a person of a very animated character, did not allow his tongue to rest a single instant. Among other things which he mentioned, he let it escape that he had on him fifteen thousand francs in bank-bills, and that the greater part of the sum was intended for the purchase of colonial productions, and the rest as a present for his wife.

M. Mallaquet, on the contrary, during the rare intervals when he was sufficiently awake to speak, said simply that he was going to Havre.

The diligence arrived at Pontoise, where the horses were changed. As the road from that point ascends, the conductor proposed to the travellers that they should walk up the hill. Lussac embraced the proposal with pleasure, and Mallaquet, from politeness, affected to be no less delighted, though, in fact, he had no desire to put his legs in movement.

They both started up the hill, then, and the diligence followed them.

Soon darkness came on. But the travellers continued to hear the diligence rolling behind them. At the end of some time they both remarked that they had wandered from the right road. They wished to return thereto, but the sound of the wheels no longer reached them. The indolent Mallaquet grew afraid. Muttering a few oaths, he began to march at a more rapid rate, and this sudden change gave birth in the soul of M. Lussac to a sombre presentiment. Remembering his imprudent avowal about the fifteen thousand francs which he had with him, the most lugubrious ideas agitated his mind. He asked himself in terror whether this suspected companion had not plied with the conductor to rob him in some solitary place. Perhaps, he also thought, another accomplice might be lurking in some spot near, ready to pounce on him. In truth, poor Lussac deemed himself a lost man; he determined, therefore, to be on his guard.

With regard to Mallaquet, when he saw Lussac become suddenly silent, he once conceived similar suspicions to those of his companion. He had not, it is true, to Lussac, been guilty of any indiscretion endangering his own interests, but he knew were filled with important papers, and the avowal of his companion appeared to him now only an adroit trick to inspire him with confidence. Keeping at as great a distance as possible from each other, the two travellers watched each other's movements. At last, a marsh coming in the way, forced them into immediate contact on a narrow path. Their alarm and distrust went on increasing. Mallaquet raised his hand to wipe his brow, bathed with perspiration. Lussac then stopped, thinking that he saw in his companion's hand an instrument of murder. However, to brace his courage a little, he likewise raised his hand to take a pinch of snuff. Mallaquet, seeing this, stooped down to escape the expected pistol-shot.

After some time passed in the anguish of these mutual suspicions, Lussac determined to give utterance to his dread in words.

"We must," said he, "be thoroughly on our guard here. It is the very demon himself who has thrown us thus on the high road in the middle of the night. Fortunately if we meet with any misfortune or attack there is nothing to be found on me but empty pockets."

"Indeed," replied Mallaquet, "you surely forget the fifteen thousand francs which you have with you."

"Oh! that was all nonsense," cried Lussac; "my words on this point were the merest wind; of course I was only joking."

This speech did not fail to increase the terror of Mallaquet.

"Well, whatever happens," he said, after a few moment's hesitation, "I am determined not to yield till I have fired my pistol as often as I can."

"Pistol!" exclaimed Lussac; "but do you not know that it is forbidden to carry arms?"

"Forbidden, do you say?" continued Mallaquet, assuming an air of great courage: "there are resolute fellows, however, who do not much regard—who, in fact, laugh at—such prohibitions."

This conversation was interrupted by the trot of a horse; the rider was a postillion, who told our travellers that they had gone astray, and that they had, at least, a walk of two hours to the nearest posting-station. Both, more alarmed than ever, sought relief in furious oaths.

Presently a carriage passed; Mallaquet and Lussac rushed towards it. Lussac wanted to get up behind, but the coachman struck him so fiercely with his whip, that he was forced to let go his hold. Behold our travellers, then, dragging their weary limbs anew along the highroad.

A light gleamed in the distance. Our travellers, drowned in perspiration and crushed by fatigue, marched towards the spot where the light was shining. It was a village; everybody had gone to bed; but they at last succeeded in discovering an inn.

Fresh mishap! All the rooms were occupied; but the landlord, yielding after awhile to their passionate requests, gave them the room which he had reserved for himself. Hungry and weary, however, the two companions felt the irresistible need for some food. The delay caused by the repast was marked by an absolute silence; and in nearly the same silence Mallaquet and Lussac prepared with their exhausted frames to taste the sweets of repose.

"The moment I am in bed," thought Mallaquet, "I will pretend to be asleep. I shall even snore with tolerable emphasis if needful; but I will keep myself alert for whatever may occur.

As for Lussac, after having slipped his portfolio under his pillow, wished his companion good night, and blown out the candle, he placed himself as coolly in the bed as he could, but kept his eyes fixed in the darkness on the corner of the room where the brigand was.

Two hours passed away, marked by the most complete immobility on both sides. The first feeble light of the dawn was beginning to peep through, when M. Lussac perceived his neighbor rising with precaution and approaching his own bed on tip-toe. Mallaquet then stooped down over M. Lussac's face. M. Lussac's heart beat like a steam-engine. Fortunately, however, he had his knife opened and ready under the bed-clothes. He asked himself whether he might not to be beforehand with the assassin. But a little cowardice, and the excess of his emotion, forced him to wait, without delaying, the development of events. M. Mallaquet again gathered some assurance from the air of tranquillity which he, who had seemed himself a victim, simulated. He went back to bed with contented heart. And the result was, that neither of the travellers having slept, but neither of them also having suffered any greater harm than a good fright, they set out in the course of the morning arm-in-arm for Rouen, became intimate friends, and ended by forming a commercial partnership. The house Mallaquet and Company still prospers at Paris, and each of the partners amuses himself with telling the singular circumstances which led to their business relations. It is never, however, without emotion that M. Mallaquet hears M. Lussac speaking of the moment when the knife was kept ready under the bed-clothes for a fatal stab.

☞ The remains of the musical composers, Beethoven and Schubert, have been exhumed, photographed, and reburied. Photography is being run into the ground.

RIZP. H, DAUGHTER OF AIAH.

(WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.)

I.

Under the changing sky,
Under the clouded moon,
The earth gapes, white and dry,
But the rain cometh soon;
Yes! down from yon low skies
Rushes, at last, the rain;
Woman forlorn, arise!
Thou hast not crouched in vain,
Rizpah, daughter of Aiah.

II.

Brave men have told the King,
How, scared away by thee,
Each ravenous fowl takes wing,
And wolves and panthers flee:
How thou hast wrestled here,
Despising ease and sleep,
Without a thought of fear,
Because thy love is deep,
Rizpah, daughter of Aiah.

III.

Therefore, in sight of all,
A proud tomb is begun,
To hold the bones of Saul,
And Jonathan, his son;
There too, in calm repose,
From insult safe, shall dwell
The stately forms of those
Whom thou hast watch'd so well,
Rizpah, daughter of Aiah.

IV.

And whilst the ages roll
Through Time's unsounded deep,
Thy true and tender soul
A magic life shall keep;
Maidens shall muse alone,
And mothers' hearts be stirr'd,
Where'er thy deeds are known,
Where'er thy name is heard,
Rizpah, daughter of Aiah.

FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

THE LOST CHILD.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

We had been six weeks at sea, and had reached the second degree of south latitude. We had lost the northeast trade winds, and were anxiously wishing for the southerly ones to reach us; for we were in the region of calms, where ships are sometimes detained for weeks, and there was sickness on board.

Among our passengers was a lady who, with her five children, was going to rejoin her husband in Australia, whither he had preceded her, in company with his eldest son, to establish himself in business.

Shortly after leaving England, the youngest child, a girl of six, was taken ill with a fever, and for some weeks her life was despaired of. Mrs. Butler was an affectionate mother, and a most devoted wife. She knew that of all his family this little one was the darling of the father's heart, and day and night did she watch by the bedside of the suffering child, and pray that God in His mercy would spare her, and that she might be enabled to take back in life and health *all* her children to gladden the father's heart. The prayer was answered. After weeks of suspense, the disease at length took a turn for the better, and the child began to mend rapidly.

The mental anxiety, and the constant watching in the close confinement of the cabin between-decks, had told severely on the mother; and, now that there was no occasion for such self-sacrifice, I insisted upon its cessation, or relaxation at least, for she would still have kept by the bedside.

We had been becalmed for many days, and the heat below was stifling; for ventilation was ill understood in those days, and I feared her own health would give way. Using the authority of a medical man, therefore, and seconded by the entreaties of her eldest daughter, a noble girl of eighteen, I one day prevailed upon Mrs. Butler to leave her child, and join the dinner-party in the cuddy for an hour or two.

To reach the saloon from below, we had to ascend the companion-ladder, and walk aft to the poop. It was the first time for many weeks that she had been on deck; and, seeing their mother, two of her sons, boys of nine and ten, rushed up to her.

"Are you going to dinner, mother? Don't forget to bring us out some oranges and bananas" (we had put in at the Canary Islands), "will you?"

"If you are good boys, and promise not to run up the rigging while I am in there, I will," she replied. "But where is your little brother? I have not seen him lately."

"Isn't he below?" said the elder of the two, looking surprised. "Then he must be in the steerage, or else with the sailors."

"How often have I told you I will not [illegible] you go there?" said Mrs. Butler, an- "You learn only mischief there. Go [illegible]tch him away directly;" and the two [illegible] ran forward, while their mother enter- [illegible]he cuddy, where, after so long an ab- [illegible]e, and from such a cause, she was wel- [illegible]ed by the most kindly greetings, and [illegible]ived the cordial congratulations of her [illegible]w passengers at being enabled once [illegible]e to join their society.

From where I sat at the end of the table, [illegible]ommanded a view of the decks through [illegible]e opened doors; and Mrs. Butler requested me to keep an eye upon her two lads, who caused her constant anxiety by their ascending to the mast-heads, going out on the yards, and chasing each other up and down the rigging, whenever they thought she would not observe them. In these dangerous freaks they were encouraged by the sailors, who only laughed at the poor mother's fears; but I knew the two lads to be truthful and sincere when they did promise to abstain—and such a promise they had given before we had entered the cabin. I was rather surprised, therefore, when I observed the two in the very act of descending, one the fore, and the other the main shrouds. The dinner was nearly over, the dessert being placed on the table, and I rose, and, excusing myself, went out to them. As I came up to the eldest, he was just reaching the deck, and looked, as I thought, much alarmed on seeing me.

"What is the word of a boy like you worth?" I said. "You promised your mother faithfully you would not do it. Shame on you both!" I added, as the other one now came up; "you, in particular, John, as the oldest. But where is your brother?"

The two whispered together without replying, and looked so anxious that it struck me my detecting them was not the only cause of their evident disturbance.

"Why don't you answer me? Where is your younger brother?" I repeated; whereupon they burst into tears, and said they could not find him. They had hunted over the whole ship, fore and aft, and, thinking it possible that he might have ventured up into the tops, although, being under eight years of age, and very timid, they had never known him to ascend so high, they had just been there too. But all in vain; he was nowhere to be found.

"Oh, he is drowned! he has fallen overboard! Oh, what will mother say!"

"Hush!" I said, "don't let your mother see you crying; come with me; and, thinking the men forward might have hidden the child for a joke, and to frighten the lads, I went to the forecastle; but the sailors knew nothing of him, and overhauled their berths to see if he were stowed away asleep somewhere. The steerage was also ransacked, but no one had observed him; and, as there were only a dozen passengers there altogether, a very short time sufficed for the search. I then went to the cabin between decks, where the officers' berths were, and where, for want of sufficient room in the cuddy, some had been set apart for Mrs. Butler's children to sleep in. In this cabin also those of the other passengers messed together. As I opened the door of the berth Miss Butler looked up. She was nursing the sick child, which she held in her arms, and, catching sight of the pallid tearful faces of the two boys behind me, started up in alarm.

"What has happened, doctor? Is my mother ill?"

"Your mother is quite well, Miss Butler; do not alarm yourself needlessly. I merely came to say that these boys cannot find their brother, who is doubtless asleep somewhere down here. Have you seen him lately?"

No, she had not seen him for some hours; and, upon being questioned, the other children, of whom there were two or three below, also denied having seen the child. Every possible recess which could conceal him was ransacked, but fruitlessly; he was nowhere to be found; and the conviction forced itself on us, that if not found in the cuddy, the unfortunate child had probably fallen unnoticed overboard.

"I must go and inform the captain of this, Miss Butler; he will institute a more rigid search, and all may yet be well; do not despair."

"Stay a moment, doctor; mother will be coming down immediately, and I fear this dreadful shock, worn out as she is with nursing Jane—oh, I fear it will kill her. Until all hope is gone, keep the news from her; keep her in the cuddy awhile; tell her Jane is all right, and she had better stay where she is until—"

The poor girl, who was herself worn out with assisting her mother in watching the sick child, had kept up admirably hitherto; but she now gave way entirely, and sank down utterly overcome. I went up and entered the saloon, where I found a gay and happy party in the full tide of conversation. Mrs. Butler's face was wreathed with smiles as she sat chatting with some of the other ladies, who had gathered in a knot by themselves, and who could, as mothers, sympathize with her late trials, and enter into her feelings at the prospect of her child's recovery; but when I thought of the fearful shock which awaited her, I almost regretted having persuaded her to come up; the revulsion of feeling would be dreadful. She was about to leave the saloon as I came in; but I succeeded in detaining her for nearly half-an-hour, while the captain, to whom I had managed to convey the tidings of the boy's disappearance, went out and superintended a complete and thorough examination of every part of the ship into which he could have wandered. But this search was fruitless, as my own had been, as I observed by the expression of his face. As he came in, Mrs. Butler rose to go, and I no longer tried to detain her.

"God help the poor woman!" said the captain, as, cheerfully wishing us all good evening, she passed out on to the quarter-deck; "but, perhaps," he added quickly, "the boy may have smuggled himself into some of these berths;" and hastily explaining what had occurred to the passengers, each one went to examine. But the child was nowhere there.

"I am afraid," continued the captain, "she will want your assistance, doctor; the news will prove too much for her;" and, fearing this result myself, I had risen to follow the unhappy mother, but paused upon observing that Mrs. Butler had not as yet gone below. She was standing by the ship's side, gazing across the expanse of waters, which were resplendent with the gorgeous tints of a tropical sunset. A slight breeze, the harbinger of the south-east trade-wind, just crisped the surface of the ocean, the long, heaving swells of which, as they surged up heavenward, caught and reflected back the golden and crimson hues which flooded the whole west, where masses of golden clouds had collected around the departing luminary. It was a beautiful scene; and, relieved as her mind now was of the harassing dread which had so long beset her, it was plain to us who were watching that she enjoyed it intensely; for an expression of peace and content stole over her features, and she looked upwards as if breathing an inward prayer of thankfulness to that God, who, from His throne above those brilliant heavens, the work of His hands, had deigned to hear her cry, and spare her beloved child. For a few minutes she remained there, until, with a rapidity unknown in higher latitudes, the glowing sky at once lost its beautiful coloring, and a sombre grey, the herald of suddenly-approaching night, spread over the waters.

As she disappeared down the hatchway, carrying in her hands the promised supply of fruit for her little ones, I went forward and looked down. It was dusk between decks, and the lamp had not yet been lit, so that she could not distinguish their features. She stooped and kissed the sick child, who was still held by Miss Butler, and then, sitting down, called upon the children.

"Now, where are you all?" she said, surprised at their unusual quiet. "Who is for oranges? Come along. Boys, where have you got to? John—Henry—Joseph?"

The two lads came forward slowly and reluctantly, and received their fruit in silence, and with hanging heads.

"What is the matter with them, Ann?" she said, quickly turning to her daughter, who bent over the sleeping child without answering.

At this moment I descended the ladder, and, looking upwards past me, Mrs. Butler caught sight of the pitying faces of a number of the passengers who were gazing down from the deck. Instantly the mother's instinct took the alarm, and she sprang to her feet.

"Joseph! I don't see Joseph. Doctor, what has happened?" she exclaimed wildly, as she dragged the two boys to the light, at the foot of the ladder. "Where is your brother? Tell me at once. Is he overboard?"

"He should be somewhere about the ship, Mrs. Butler," I said soothingly, wishing to break the shock to her; but she well knew that if any such hope remained, they would still be searching for the child. She had seen the captain's face amongst the rest; they all knew, then, the boy was gone. She fell to the deck as if shot through the brain, and it was hours before I succeeded in rallying her from that dreadful swoon. From one fit to another she passed, until I feared that syncope would end in actual death. At length, however, I got her under the influence of a narcotic, which, by destroying the consciousness of her calamity for a time, would allow the exhausted system to recover from the shock it had received.

It was nearly midnight, and there was no moon; the wind had again died away, and we lay perfectly becalmed; the flapping of the sails and creaking of the rudder chains were the only sounds audible. The heat was so oppressive that several of the passengers yet lingered on the poop, unwilling to retire to their stifling berths. Sitting on one of the hencoops, near the taffrail, and clasping a brother with each arm, sat Miss Butler; two of the lady passengers had insisted upon taking her place by the bed-side, and the poor girl had come on deck to try and cool her aching brow. One of the boys had cried himself to sleep, and lay with his head in her lap; but the other sat gazing, as if fascinated, at two gleaming lines of light which played about in the water, near the ship's stern. Sometimes far below, at others so near the surface, that every motion of their fins and tails could be distinctly marked by the phosphorescent sparkles produced; at times flashing past like lightning, at others sailing slowly along, leaving a trail of livid light in their wake, hovering about like evil spirits waiting for their prey, were the two sharks which, with the instinct which told them there was sickness on board, had for a long time followed our vessel. Only the day before, the three boys, confiding in the prospect of their sister's recovery, had mocked at and flouted the monsters, as, after an absence of some hours, they again came sailing up to their former position; and now no wonder the lad shuddered at the thought that his beloved brother's remains were entombed in their maws.

"You had better go down to your cabin now, Miss Butler," I said, "and try and get some sleep. You will require all your strength to take care of your mother; for I fear it will be some time before she gets over the effects of this miserable day, and we must not have you ill too. There is a heavy dew falling, and this little fellow has gone to sleep."

I assisted her below, and, after taking a look at her mother, I again went on deck.

The watches were changed at twelve o'clock, and I was about to go to bed, when the boatswain came up to me. He was an uneducated man, but with a fund of strong, shrewd common sense, and was moreover an excellent seamen. He had lately met with an accident, and injured his hand.

"What's this I hear tell about that little boy being missing, doctor? I was in my hammock early; for I told the mate I was going to take the dog-watch and my own out in sleep; for this hand of mine has kept me awake night after night, till I was a'most done up; so I've only just heard about it."

I told him that the ship had been searched in vain for the child, and that, as so many hours had elapsed, no doubt could now remain on the subject. "He had fallen overboard unobserved," I said; "for all had been questioned, and none had seen the boy in any position of peculiar risk."

"Why, I saw him myself," replied the boatswain, "just before I turned in, on the forecastle. He was leaning over the bows, and looking at the cutwater, and watching the ship pitching; that tall young fellow forrard in the steerage was talking to him. They were stowed away like, out of sight, under the lee of the sail."

"Why, that same young man said he had not spoken to the child all the day, and had not seen him since noon," I said, much surprised. "All the steerage passengers were questioned about it."

The man of whom the sailor spoke was one of several we had on board, who were emigrating from the manufacturing districts, where, at that time, much suffering existed, and where extreme doctrines were broached amongst the laboring class. Of these, Payne was a great advocate. When he first came on board he was much looked up to by his fellows in the steerage; he had a plausible tongue, and, having received a better education than the rest, could talk glibly by the hour upon social wrongs, the necessity of sweeping away all class distinctions, and reforming the world generally. But a very little of the observation afforded by the close intercourse of a ship, sufficed to show his real character, and that benevolence or philanthropy had nothing to do with his tirades, and that he was an envious, evil-speaking, worthless fellow; in short, that nothing required reforming more urgently than himself. I had often come in contact with him by his coming to me with unfounded complaints about the provisions, and had soon set him down as one of those characters of whom those in authority in ships have such a horror, viz., your discontented, dissatisfied grumbler, always on the look-out for grievances, always making mischief on board.

The boatswain's statement now set me thinking, and I determined to probe the matter to the bottom. I inquired if he remembered anything that passed between the two. He said, that he had gone forward to look up at a man who was doing something on one of the yards, and of course did not pay much attention to a conversation between a man and a child of seven. But he heard Payne urge the boy to do something or other, and offer to give him some reward, the boy replying that his mother would be very angry if she knew. The foretopmast staysail was half hauled down, as it was nearly calm, and hung in folds on the forecastle, screening the boatswain from Payne's view, and he left without hearing more.

"Now, why should the man deny having spoken to the child? He must have been urging him to do something wrong," I asked.

"Well, sir, I think I can guess," replied the boatswain. "From what I know of that chap, it's my belief that he's dared the boy to go out on the boom, and the little fellow has lost his hold, and tumbled overboard. I've seen him play such a trick once before—offered to help one of the youngsters up the shrouds, and then ran away down and left him, and laughed at his fright. He and I had some words about that matter."

"But that was a base, a most infamous thing, and makes the fellow out far worse than I thought him to be," I said.

"Of course I don't mean to say that he wanted the child to go overboard; but he's one of that kind of men that likes to get the boys round him, sets them a quarrelling with one another, and makes them ten times worse than they would be without him. I've often watched his games with 'em, and seen the scrapes they've got into through him. I don't know what he may be ashore, but here, aboard, he's a nuisance. You see, sir, there's no work that he must do aboard, and so, as they say the devil always finds work for the likes of him, he gets into mischief."

One of the ship's apprentices had joined us as we were talking, and he now mentioned that, when helping to overhaul the vessel forward, he had noticed that Payne did not assist at all heartily, and looked somehow, not exactly frightened, he said, but as if it wasn't any use looking. And one reason, the lad also remarked, he liked to have the children of the saloon passengers about him, was, that he was in the habit of bribing them to filch the provisions from their own table, and bring them to him. "He promises to cut them out boats, and such like things; but it ain't often he keeps his promises, for only to-day I heard some of 'em tell him so. He's as lazy as he's long, and likes best to lay on his beam ends, and spin his yarns to whoever 'll listen. But they all pretty well know him now, forrard, and I despise him, though he is a clever fellow, too, they say."

A sudden thought, suggested by what the young man had just said, flashed upon my mind, filling me with a vague hope, and yet, upon consideration, I dismissed it as utterly improbable. "He could not be so base as that, surely," I said to myself.

"Can you leave the deck a moment, boatswain? Ask Mr. Treadwell to let you. I want you to come forward with me and see this man."

We descended the companion ladder leading into the steerage; a dim lamp swung from the beam, scarcely dispelling the darkness, and showed all the doors of the different berths, opened on account of the heat. Knowing where Payne's bunk was, I took down the light and walked up to it. The man was sound asleep and snoring. "Surely he must have a good, or else a very callous conscience," thought I, as I shook him until he woke.

"Payne!" I said, "I am sure you know something about that poor boy; it was observed that you did not join in the search for him."

As soon as he recovered from the surprise of this sudden interruption to his slumbers, he began to protest that he knew nothing whatever about the boy.

"Don't tell me that," I said; "think of his poor mother, nearly killed with the shock, and if you can clear up this mystery, do so at once." And I paused and looked at him keenly. At this appeal he hesitated a moment, looked confused, but quickly recovering his hardihood, again denied all knowledge of the matter; and when the boatswain broadly stated his suspicions, he repelled them indignantly enough. I was satisfied, and ran up on deck.

"That boy is *not* overboard at all," I said to the astonished boatswain; "and that fellow has known it all the while;" and instantly went to the steward and woke him.

"Steward, I want you to get up. Were you in the lazarette to-day?" (The storeroom where the supplies were kept.)

"Yes, doctor, for a few minutes, just before dinner. Why?"

"I hope to find that missing child there; so bring your key."

"He ain't there, doctor," said the man, "because I went and looked in, thinking he might have crept in after me, and be waiting there ashamed to call out."

My hopes fell as he spoke; but upon further question I found he had not overhauled the place carefully; so, taking the key, I entered. It was a large room at the end of the cabin below, extending across the width of the ship, and was filled with bags, casks, and cases, with just sufficient room to wind through to the centre. At first we could see nothing; but, standing still and listening, the sound of breathing reached our ears from a distant corner, where a number of bags were piled; and there we found the missing child, with a small bag full of almonds, raisins, and oranges by his side.

"Don't wake him," I said to the steward, who was about roughly to arouse the sleeper; and I stepped lightly to Mrs. Butler's berth, and was admitted by the lady passenger on watch; but she was still in a deep sleep; so, merely whispering the good news, to be told to her gently when she awoke, I left, and knocked at the door of the next cabin, where Miss Butler and the children were. She had heard me, and had hastily dressed herself, dreading some new calamity from this untimely summons. I shall never forget the startled and amazed look upon her pale face, as, taking her by the hand, I led her to the door of the storeroom, which was close by. There was a lamp burning in the cabin, and by its light she could perceive, by the smile on my face, that I had some good news for her.

"The steward has got something nice for you in his store-room, Miss Butler; have you not, Perkins?"

"Some'at nice!" he grumbled; "yes, he *is* a nice article, to kick up all this shindy in the ship; if he was mine, I know he'd catch a nice rope's-ending, and no mistake."

"I rather think," I said, as I lifted the boy up and carried him off, "it will be that fellow forward who will be found to deserve punishment; for I am positive he has persuaded the child to do this." And we fully ascertained such to be the case. To obtain some of the coveted luxuries of the saloon, he had induced him, partly by bribes and principally by persuading the child that, as a cabin passenger, he had a right to them, to enter the store-room and help himself. He had made the boy promise that if discovered he would not betray him; and at first the little fellow manfully refused to criminate him. But his mother's grief, and his sister's entreaties that he would tell the whole truth, at last prevailed, and he confessed that he should never have thought of it, had not Payne suggested it, and supplied him with the bag to hold the spoil. When he found himself locked in, he waited patiently, thinking that his tempter would, on ascertaining that fact, tell the steward, and that he would presently be liberated; and while thus waiting he fell asleep, and slept through the whole uproar. But as his telling would compromise himself and show a guilty knowledge of the boy's intention, Mr. Payne, with the cowardly selfishness peculiar to such characters, refrained from doing so. What to him was the mother's agony, and the consternation of the whole ship? "They'll find him in the morning, and then it will be all right," was the salve he applied to his conscience.

But in the morning he found it was not "all right." The indignation excited against him was naturally intense. The callousness and brutal indifference to the sufferings of the unfortunate mother, already so severely tried—the utter want of feeling, as shown by his going to sleep, leaving the poor child locked up in that dismal place, when a word from him would have liberated him—caused such universal disgust on board, that his fellow passengers held a kind of court-martial, and inflicted summary chastisement. He did not show his face for a week after; and then, by the manner he limped about the deck, it was plain to all that his bones still ached from the punishment he had received.

A SOLDIER'S PORTRAIT.

Draped in our honored stars and stripes,
It tells us the olden story;
Another brave young patriot passed
Through duty on to glory.

A face to make a household glad;
Eyes full of love's assurance,
Lips curved to speak the gentle word,
Or tell the heart's endurance.

O, mother, sitting in the shade
Of this divine affliction,
This pictured face may be to thee
A daily benediction.

May fold thee in a finer life
Beyond the world's illusion,
Where the calm twilight of the soul
Will never know intrusion.

No more for him the weary march,
For thee no weary waiting;—
Be patient, these young martyrs are
Divinest truths translating.

Punishment of Idle Husbands in New Zealand

The head chief often interferes in minor matters of a domestic nature. For instance, if a lazy fellow has a wife or two and a few children, and through his love for fishing, dancing and loitering idly about, neglects to bring in the necessary supplies for his family, a complaint is made, the chief visits the house in person, and if he sees just cause for punishment, he orders out the population of the village. Men, women and children arm themselves with a stiff birch made of small canes, then form a long double line, about six feet apart, and await with anxious glee the approach of the delinquent. At last he is placed at one end of the line, amidst a shower of yells, screams, jibes, &c. The word is given by the chief, and away he darts at his utmost speed through the ranks, every one endeavoring to hit him as he passes. According to his deserts, he may get off with running the line once, or he may have to do so twice or thrice; but he is skilled in cunning and fleetness that can run the line even once without having his skin tickled for him by the hearty application of the birch, wielded by some strong woman! As the punishment is not of a fatal kind, the whole affair creates unrestricted merriment. If the victim is a smart fellow, he may escape with few blows; but if he is sulky, heavy and dogged, he pays for it. For one month afterward the families of victims are provided for by the public at large, under the fatherly superintendence of the chief. At the expiration of that time, if he has all his domestic matters in perfect order, as a good father and provident husband ought to have, he again resumes his place in society, and shortly afterward, perhaps, helps, with an experienced hand, to flagellate some one else.

THE PROPHETIC DEW DROPS.—A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dew drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers, like other happier dew drops that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning, onward to noonday. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow, whereupon his father, pointing upwards, said, "See, there stand the dew drops, gloriously reset—a glittering jewelry—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth, blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like the innocent dew drops, from earth into heaven.—*Old English Magazine.*

☞ If a woman tells more than the truth in speaking a rival's age, she will probably make the thing even in stating her own.

ROTATORY HAIR-BRUSHING.

FROM CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL.

It is a fact. A patent combination of cast-iron, mahogany, bristles, and india-rubber, brushes your hair with a new principle of movement, and an entirely fresh and hitherto unique sensation. A friend said to me yesterday: "I've had my head brushed by machinery. A thing comes down from the ceiling, and does every hair from root to tip; all twirling about."

Now, my friend was a wag, and I thought this lucid description of the brushing-machine an example of his quality; but he grew serious. "Go yourself," said he; and I went. I don't care to advertise a particular shop, but I may say that it was in one of the streets leading out of Piccadilly. Before long, the invention will be fully known and widely applied; it has been already patented in England and abroad.

Of all minor sensations, that of having your hair well brushed is one of the most agreeable. There are some barbers who pat your head with bristles till it bleeds; others harrow the skin; others stroke the outside of your hair with feeble, unpenetrating touch; but when you sit under a man whose hand is neither too heavy nor too light, who just touches the scalp with searching bristles, and then draws them steadily through the hair, a sense of soothing calm creeps over you. Imagine, however, a steady and searching stroke indefinitely extended.—Think what it must be to feel the brush take up your hair without any descending motion; conceive every part of the scalp traversed with a penetration which skips nothing, and yet never scratches the skin, never trespasses on the forehead or the neck; conceive a stroke which, though your hair may be only an inch long, can be continued, if you please, for a quarter of an hour. And yet all these conditions are fulfilled in the new machine for hair-brushing.

The brush is circular, like one for cleaning bottles, and revolves on a long axis, which projects far enough at each end for the hands to hold, so that the brush may turn round while the axis remains still. Rigidly connected with the drum-shaped brush is a wheel like that of a pulley, with a deep groove. It is evident that if this be turned, the brush will turn round the axis or handle which you hold. The question is, how to give the rotatory motion to the brush, and yet shift it about all over the patient's head. If the brush were set twirling in a frame, he might put his head to it; but this would be inconvenient. How can we make the brush revolve, and then apply it to the hair.

It is done thus: an endless band of vulcanised india-rubber hangs from the ceiling over the chair in which you sit to be brushed; it descends to within about a foot of your head, and is made to revolve by machinery. All, therefore, that the operator has to do is to hitch this revolving band into the groove of his drum-brush, and draw it down. Away it spins, the elasticity of the descending india-rubber band enabling the operator to shift it about to the different parts of the head, and apply just so much pressure as is agreeable to the patient.

When I went in to get my hair thus brushed, had sat down before the glass, and been tucked in as usual with bib and dressing gown, the hair-dresser took up one of his circular brushes and hitched it into the revolving band over my head. In a moment I felt a silent fanning, as if some monstrous butterfly were hovering over me; this was the air of the twirling brush, which caught my hair up and laid it down, and travelled all over my head with incessant gentle penetration. It crept down my whiskers and searched my beard with the same tender and yet decided effect. There was no scratching, not even of the neck and ears, but the skin of cheeks and chin was reached and swept. It was a new sensation. I felt as if I should like to be brushed continuously for a month. My attendant told me that there was a strong opposition to it on the part of the manual hair-dressers, and that some of them had given out that the new process was certain to produce fits. "Fits of laughter," he added, "must be meant." There was certainly a sense of exhilaration in it, which I never felt in a hair-dresser's room before.

The brushes are changed quite easily. I think that the shape will have to be modified, and also that they must not be made to twirl so fast. I can really imagine a very excitable person being whisked into a state of ecstacy by a prolonged application of this fanning, whirly machine. But, no doubt, it will be extensively used, and will probably be adapted to the stable and the harness-room. One small steam-engine might be made to clean simultaneously a whole regiment of horse. Every stall might have its descending india-rubber band. You could go over nearly the whole of a horse with it. The groom would only have to use a revolving brush, and hitch its groove into the driving band. It will, I suppose, be used for boots and clothes. The specialty of the thing consists in having a long elastic driving band, which allows the operator to apply the brush where he pleases, and the perfect simplicity with which the thing is thrown into and out of gear.

☞ One man in New Hampshire has sent thirty thousand pigeons to market this season.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Charlotte de Corday d'Armant—The young enthusiast of Normandy—was of a noble family; educated at the convent of L'Abbaye aux Dames, at Caen, she had imbibed the idea that she was destined to deliver her country from the scourge of a murderous tyranny, and she selected Marat, whose name was at that epoch more before the public as the instigator of sacrifices than those of Robespierre and Danton, as her victim.

The details given by Sanson of this remarkable incident in the Reign of Terror, are, as might be expected, more minute than any that have yet been given to the public. Charlotte had not returned ten minutes from her trial, at which she had conducted herself with unexampled firmness and ability, than M. Hauer, the artist, was introduced. She conversed with the artist, while engaged in his task, with perfect calmness for an hour and a half, when she suddenly remembered she had forgotten to write a letter. She had only penned a few lines when Sanson made his appearance. She went on with her work notwithstanding, and, when she had finished, she placed her chair in the middle of the room, and let down her beautiful hair to be cut off. "Since M. de la Barre," says Sanson, "I never witnessed so much courage in death! We were there, six or seven citizens, whose business is not of a nature to soften the feelings, yet she appeared less affected than any of us, and even her lips had not lost their color! When her hair was cut off, she gave half to the artist and the remainder to Richard, the gaoler, for his wife, who had manifested great interest in the unfortunate young lady." She went to the scaffold with the same remarkable intrepidity; there was not an atom of bravado—a simple, mild, pious resignation, or "a penetrating and irresistible sweetness," as the master of high works describes it. Robespierre, Desmoulins, and Danton were at a window in the Rue Saint Honore, on the way, thinking, no doubt, when their turn would come. Arrived at the scaffold, she threw herself upon the fatal plank, and Fermin, one of the aides, having let loose the string, all was over in a moment. Sanson declares that he was at the foot of the scaffold, when a carpenter names Legros, having taken the head, was not satisfied with holding it up to the crowd, but actually slapped the face—a face admittedly of extraordinary beauty. This was too much even for a revolutionary tribunal, and Legros was justly punished for this act of sacrilege. Charlotte's letter to Barbaroux is a noble legacy to posterity; the sentiments breathed in it are more worthy of a heroine than of an assassin, but Charlotte was no assassin in the ordinary acceptation of the word. The times considered, and the magnitude of the crimes daily enacted by her victim, more than vindicated her otherwise reprehensible conduct, and we are inclined to adopt to their full extent the words of the descendant of her executioner. "The soul of Charlotte de Corday went up to Heaven free from all terrestrial imperfection; her heart had never best save for her country. She was not only the martyr of liberty, she was the Jeanne d'Arc of democracy."

The case of Adam Lux was a singular one. He had come from Mayence to claim a seat at the banquet to which the elders of the human family invited their brethren. Alas! he soon found that the banquet was a scaffold stained with the blood of all that was good or praiseworthy. Thus disabused, he meditated upon the beauty and heroism of Charlotte Corday till he determined to join her, and he perished on the scaffold, whither he had gone in his best, as if to a marriage ceremony, with the words "At last!" in his mouth. It is not to be wondered at that the sanguinary fanaticism of the day should have been followed by flagrant instances of mental alienation.

THE JAPANESE.

A "Traveller," in a letter to the London Times, says:—

"I can assure you, if we go to war with the Japanese, we must not blind ourselves with the belief we shall have a second Chinese affair. They are bold, courageous, proud, and eager after every kind of knowledge. A friend of mine gave a workman a Bramah lock to put on a box; it was not discovered until some time afterward, and only then by the absence of the name, that the lock had been imitated, and as the workman confessed, the original kept as a pattern. I have been on board a steamer (paddle) which used three years ago to run between Nagasaki and Jeddo, six hundred miles, whose engines and boilers, and every part of her machinery, were made of copper. She was built by a doctor in Jeddo, whose only guide was a Dutch description of a steam engine translated into Japanese. An American gunnery officer was sent over in 1859, in the Powhatan, to teach them gunnery. He was courteously received, and then taken over the arsenal at Jeddo. He returned to the ship, saying 'he had been taught a lesson instead of having to teach.'

"In many of the arts and manufactures they excel us; their beautiful castings in bronze would puzzle the most experienced European workman. I have shown specimens to clever workmen who confessed they could not imitate them. Though they do not know how to blow glass, I have seen samples which would rival in brilliancy any made in England. The French Minister had a large ball, so clear and of such perfect color that he believed it to be a gigantic sapphire, and bought it for a good round sum. Their paper imitations of leather are perfect; their paper water-proof coats are bought by the captains of ships for their exposed boats' crews; their own clocks are good, and they have imitated our watches; they walk about with 'pedometers' attached to their belts, and they are not backward in copper-plate engraving and perspective. Their china is far superior to the Chinese. The country abounds with coal, though they only use that found close to the surface; but even that, a sort of bituminous shale, is good. In gold and silver I believe they could rival Mexico and Australia; iron, copper and tin are found in profusion. A friend of Yokohama gave a Japanese a piece of English cotton shirting; in a few days the man brought back two pieces, and my friend had much difficulty in saying which was his, so closely had it been imitated. In fact, they are a people who want for nothing but teachers."

A PIOUS LITIGANT.

It is related of the Duc de Mazarine, (husband of the celebrated Hortense Mancini,) that a proposition was once made to him, by his adversary in a very important lawsuit, for a compromise of the controversy by way of reference. The friends of the Duc urged his acquiescence in the proposal, which appeared to them highly advantageous to his interests; but he positively refused, in these words: "Our Saviour came into the world not to bring peace, but a sword; controversies, disputes and lawsuits are mentioned in the Sacred Book, but compromises by way of reference are mere human inventions; God established judges, but seems never to have thought of arbitrators, for not a word is said about them in the Bible; therefore, I am resolved to carry on my lawsuit for my lifetime, if necessary, for I never can, as a religious man, consent to a reference." Which determination he faithfully adhered to.

The same conscientious personage had promised the Bishop of Frejus fifty thousand crowns, if he would forward his marriage with Hortense Mancini, already mentioned, who was the favorite niece of Cardinal Mazarine, and whose hand was therefore attended by a princely fortune. The Episcopal functionary, accordingly, devoted himself heart and soul to the cause, and with such success that the marriage was at length completed. But when the innocent Bishop sent to the bridegroom for his fifty thousand crowns, the devout Duc returned for answer—"My weak human nature indeed strongly urges the payment, but my religion compels me to refuse it, since my Director has appr[illegible] me that, to give money for the sacrament of matrimony would be highly sinful and as clear simony as buying a bishopric."—*Journal of Law.*

A WOLF BAROMETER.

On my paying a visit to an old planter once, I observed suspended from the ceiling or roof of his hut by a small piece of cord, the skull of some animal. Being curious, I inquired if it was for use or ornament. "Bless me," said he, "don't you know what that is?—why, it is our weather glass, barometer, and everything else; a wolf's head; and whenever we are on the point of having a change of wind, you may be sure that skull will indicate it, and what the change is to be." This made me still more curious, and I pressed him for information. "I have had that skull thirty years," said he, "and, although a crafty wolf's, it never deceived me. Now, look here; suppose the wind is north, and that skull's nose points to the east, and so remains for a week; after the wind shifts from north, we get an easterly wind for just as long as the skull pointed in that direction, and so on for any other quarter of the compass." He frankly told me he could not explain the reasons, but so it was, and so it is; for I procured a skull and suspended it in a quiet place, and found, as the old man said, it never deceived me.—*Recollections of Labrador.*

☞ The Prince of Wales, it is said, may often be seen, *a la pedestrian*, in London, with a short, little carved wood pipe in his mouth, looking very saucy and very democratic.

☞ Mention is made by Trollope of a Florentine villa, whose floor is painted to represent a shallow stream. The illusion is said to be remarkably cooling in its effects.

☞ Antonius says: "There is no man so fortunate that there shall not be by him when he is dying, some who are pleased with what is going to happen." Here is a text for reflection, which will last one all day Sunday.

☞ The revolutions produced by a genius in the world of thought, actually end in actual revolution in society.

☞ The National Government of Poland has maintained an eight months struggle with Russia, and yet the powers which were in such haste to recognize the South as belligerents at the very outbreak of the rebellion, have accorded it no such recognition.

INTELLECTUAL WOMEN.

"COMMONPLACE WOMEN."

"Heaven knows how many simple letters from simple-minded women, have been kissed, cherished, wept over by men of far loftier intellect. So it will always be, to the end of time. It is a lesson worth learning by those young creatures who seek to allure by their accomplishments, or to dazzle by their genius, that, though he may admire, no man ever loves a woman for these things. He loves her for what is essentially distinct from, though not incompatible with, them—her woman's nature and her woman's heart. This is why we so often see a man of high genius or intellectual power pass by the De Staels and Corrines, to take into his bosom some wayside flower, who has nothing on earth to make her worthy of him, except that she is—what so few of your 'female celebrities' are—a true woman."—*Exchange*

Remarks similar to the above, in which the possession of a HEART by women of intellect and genius is at least doubted, are as thick as bramble bushes. We stumble over them in the cultivated pastures of well bred literature, where they might be least expected, and in the thickets and wildernesses of out-of-the way publications; along the garden walks of refined society, and in the less frequented highways and hedges of homelier life. Everywhere we hear the warning—beware of the women of genius; she is a diamond—sparkling, dazzling, cold, and hard. The writer of the above tries to soften, slightly, the harsh declaration. He acknowledges that "woman's nature and woman's heart," is "not incompatible with," though "distinct from" the possession of intellect and genius. Nevertheless he is not able to free himself from the idea that a woman of mind and character is something for a man to be terribly afraid of, to admire at a safe distance, and to pass by for a "wayside flower" whose thorns will not prick his fingers; and he finally concludes that a "female celebrity" is seldom "a true woman."

Now we dissent from all this, in toto. It is the most shallow philosophy of the most shallow class of minds. The trafficker in this sort of trash NEVER KNEW Madame de Staël, can never have read, or certainly never understood the glowing "Corrine," and is utterly incapable of comprehending the peerless woman poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. He never got as far as "A, B C," in the character of Charlotte Bronte, or Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Not only is "woman's nature and woman's heart," "not incompatible with" intellect and genius—it is widened, deepened, gloriously enriched by the possession of them. Which holds the most—a river's bed, or a tea-cup? The ocean, or a mill-pond? Which woman is capable of giving the richest mine of love—she who, with clear intellect, lofty aspirations, true, womanly strength, loves because she understands, sympathizes with, appreciates a noble, manly soul; or the "simple-minded" maiden who says "yes" to the first good-looking and passably gallant youth who makes his appearance, and loves her husband because he is HERS, and is very kind and clever to her?

A man of truly lofty intellect, and largeness of nature, is a stranger to this horror of "intellectual women." He is not AFRAID to be understood by them, because to understand him is to more and more highly esteem him. He is a SMALL man who shrinks from the clear gaze of a thoughtful, well-poised woman, and turns away uneasily in search of some "simple minded" one, who will never dream of the difference between him and his "far loftier" brother.—*L. G. in the Principia.*

A WONDERFUL PLANT.

On the Peak of Teneriffe, the *Retama* of the natives, *Cytisus nubigenus*, of botanical lore, contrives to exist, and produce large hemispherical masses of its glaucous, quill-like branches. These, rather mournful than otherwise to behold in summer and autumn, break forth in spring with multitudes of deliciously scented white blossoms, and form a gracious scene, which no man can hope to a witness, unless he raises himself more than mile vertically into the air, and on the flanks of this very mountain; for the plant grows nowhere else in the world, and even here at no lower level. But during that short spring period, all the gales are scented by the balmy odors of these flowers of the mountain-top; even violets then spring up between rough volcanic rocks; and the peasants below, packing their bee-hives on horses, bring them up in haste, with all their industrious little workers inside, whom they then allow, at a height of 7,000 feet above the sea, to cull the abundant honey from these elevated plants, during a few precious weeks which bring back both the simplicity and purity of old patriarchal life; man placed in the immediate proximity with the grandest and fairest scenes in nature.

☞ The Machias Union notices the fact that that town has celebrated the centennial anniversary of its settlement, and yet the first decent street crossing has just been put down. We have often wondered that the inhabitants of our country villages would consent to wallow in the mud, year after year, rather than be at the expense of putting down comfortable side and cross walks.

☞ Time doesn't fight fair in his conflict with us. He pulls hair.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The January number of our NEW MAGAZINE has met with a very flattering reception from the journals of the country. Read the following among many

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—This is the title of a new monthly magazine, the first number of which—for January, 1864—is on our table. We announced some time ago that Messrs. Deacon & Peterson, of Philadelphia, were about to commence the publication of a new magazine under the above title, and they have done so. It is hardly enough to say that we are pleased with the appearance of the first number; we are delighted with it, and it is surely destined to make a most favorable "impression" on the ladies. It is an elegantly printed work, containing 32 pages of matter, and offers more attractions than can be found in some magazines of larger size and which have grown gray, as it were, with age. The reading matter is of the very first quality, as some of the best literary talent in the country has been employed to enrich its columns. It is ably edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson, than whom few women in America are so well fitted for the position she thus assumes. The first number opens with a beautiful steel plate, "Gabriel Wilkie's Return"—one of the finest engravings we have ever seen in any literary work. Next comes a superb colored fashion plate, which every lady-reader will value far above the price of the whole magazine. Then we have a splendid piece of music, entitled "After the Battle;" words by H. Peterson, music by C. W. Heywood. There are also sweet little poems, excellent stories, sketches and editorial articles, besides a host of small cuts representing numerous patterns and styles for winter apparel; the whole constituting one of the most complete, attractive, beautiful and desirable magazines for the ladies that has ever been published. The terms of the "*Lady's Friend*" are remarkably low, when we consider its value.—*Commercial Advertiser, Chicago.*

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—This is the title of a new magazine published in our city by Deacon & Peterson, No. 319 Walnut Street. As its title indicates, it is emphatically *the lady's friend*, and is replete with everything calculated to please and instruct. The corps of contributors to its columns embraces some of the best literary talent in this country and in England. The fashion plates in this number, January, are superb and of the latest style, while there is an abundance of patterns of all classes and descriptions. Gabriel Wilkie's "Return from the War" is a splendid steel engraving, from a design prepared expressly for the Magazine. This new enterprise is eminently deserving the patronage of our lady friends.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A NEW LADIES' MAGAZINE.—Messrs. Deacon & Peterson have just placed before the public the first number of a new magazine, called THE LADY'S FRIEND. It is evidently very well edited, by Mrs. Henry Peterson; is well printed and handsomely illustrated, and is full of excellent original reading. Among its contributors are Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, whose excellent little sketch called, "Gabriel Wilkie's Return," appears with a steel engraving in this number; Miss Eugenia Mott, Mrs. Peterson, Miss Virginia Townsend, Marion Harland, and many others. "A Mediæval Poem," by Mrs. Randolph, probably contains the best thoughts of the number.—*Forney's Press, Philadelphia.*

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The January number of this new candidate for public favor has been received, and has every requisition necessary to win its way to patronage and success. Ably edited, handsomely illustrated, finely gotten up, with an abundance of choice poems, tales, &c., from the best of writers, we hope to enjoy its monthly visits for years to come.—*Mount Joy (Pa.) Herald.*

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The first number of this new magazine has been received. Its frontispiece, entitled "Gabriel Wilkie's Return," is a beautiful steel plate engraving. It also contains a double colored fashion plate, besides other engravings. Its literary matter is of the best kind.—*Chester Valley Union.*

IT is a beautiful book, and if the first No. is to be the criterion, the "Lady's Friend" is destined to take a front rank among the fashion Monthlies.—*New Jersey Leader, Clinton, N. J.*

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

We will *give* to any person sending thirty subscriptions to THE LADY'S FRIEND and Sixty Dollars, one of WHEELER & WILSON'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The Machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

In procuring subscribers for this Premium, we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each, but where this cannot be done, they may be procured at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. *The Magazines will be sent to different Post-Offices, if desired.* Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their Magazines, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of money (Sixty Dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

TERMS.

Our terms will be the same as those for that well known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and will be as follows:

CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
2 copies, one year,	3.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, and one to getter-up of club,	12.00
20 copies, and one to getter-up of club,	28.00
One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and SATURDAY EVENING POST,	3.00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us) 20 cents.

☞ The matter in THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be different from that in THE POST.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a *marked* copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The SATURDAY EVENING POST commenced in the first number of the year, a new novel, called

OSWALD CRAY,

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Verner's Pride," &c.

This novel is published from the advance sheets and manuscript corrections, expressly forwarded to us by Mrs. Wood from England. The length of this new story will be about the same as that of "East Lynne," and "Verner's Pride."

The constant object of the publishers of THE POST is to lay before their readers the

Very Best Stories by Native and Foreign Authors.

In addition to the Stories written expressly for THE POST, its Editor also strives to lay before its readers, the best Stories from the English Periodicals. And gives, in addition to the Tales and Sketches, more or less Agricultural Matter, with a Riddle, Receipt, News, and Market Departments, every week.

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

We will *give* to any person sending thirty subscriptions to THE POST and Sixty Dollars, one of WHEELER & WILSON'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each, but where this cannot be done, they may be procured at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. *The papers will be sent to different Post-Offices, if desired.* Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of money (Sixty dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

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Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium may be either one or the other, as desired.

☞ The matter in the paper will always be different from that in the magazine.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

NO. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a *marked* copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

A REPORT has just been made by Chief Engineer Wood, of the navy, and others associated with him, on the advantages resulting from using petroleum in almost any form, and particularly the hitherto worthless residium of distillation, as a fuel for steamships. Equal weights of coal and petroleum are calculated to give twice the running time to the oil in any steamship at sea, and the time requisite to raise steam is less than half with the oil. These facts are developed by a course of experiments begun more than a year since, and conducted with mathematical accuracy. They have especial interest to the people of Pennsylvania, who alone produce both the petroleum and the coal.

☞ ROYAL GOOD SENSE.—The Rev. J. C. Fletcher describing his entertainment by that *Model* Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro II., writes:—"The Emperor is amiability itself, while the princesses are receiving such an education—practical and accomplished—as would make all sensible parents in the United States rejoice, and desire that their daughters, too, might be so wisely trained. In reference to practicality, I may mention that each of the princesses possesses a beautiful sewing-machine of the Wheeler & Wilson patent, and busy needle-music is heard in the palace each day at the appointed hour for such *recreation.*

☞ Among the women of England there were, in 1861, 10 bankers, 7 money-lenders, 274 commercial clerks, 25 commercial travellers, 54 brokers, 88 merchants, 29 [illegible] 419 printers, 3 shepherds, 43,974 [illegible] agriculturists; 18 ladies were doctors, [illegible] setters; 6 were reporters or short-hand [illegible] ters, 3 parish clerks, 4 choristers, 5 teachers of elocution, 17 dentists, 2 knockers, [illegible] tronomer, 8 "naturalists," 4 conjurors.

☞ The old prefect of Auras [illegible] "God created Bonaparte, and then rested." "Would to heaven God had rested a little sooner!" remarked Count Louis of Nassonne.

ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1864.

MONTHS	Sunday, 1st Day.	Monday, 2d Day.	Tuesday, 3d Day.	Wednesday, 4th Day.	Thursday, 5th Day.	Friday, 6th Day.	Saturday, 7th Day.
JANUARY,						1	2
1st Month.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
FEBRUARY,		1	2	3	4	5	6
2d Month.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29					
MARCH,		1	2	3	4	5	6
3d Month.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
APRIL,						1	2
4th Month.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
MAY,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
5th Month.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
JUNE,				1	2	3	4
6th Month.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
JULY,						1	2
7th Month.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
AUGUST,		1	2	3	4	5	6
8th Month.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
SEPTEMBER,					1	2	3
9th Month.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
OCTOBER,							1
10th Month.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
NOVEMBER,	6	7	1	2	3	4	5
11th Month.	13	14	8	9	10	11	12
	20	21	15	16	17	18	19
	27	28	22	23	24	25	26
			29	30			
DECEMBER,	4	5	6	7	1	2	3
12th Month.	11	12	13	14	8	9	10
	18	19	20	21	15	16	17
	25	26	27	28	22	23	24
					29	30	31

THE SABBATH.

Sabbaths, like way-marks, cheer the pilgrim's path,
His progess mark, and keep his rest in view.
In life's bleak winter they are pleasant days,
Short foretastes of the long, long spring to come.
To every new-born soul each hallowed morn
Seems like the first, when everything was new.
Time seems an angel come afresh from Heaven.
His pinions shedding fragrance as he flies,
And his bright hour-glass running sands of gold.

☞ Old Marm G——— was never regarded as a paragon of neatness; and if "cleanliness is next unto godliness," as St. Paul asserts, it is to be feared that the old lady never attained to the latter state. Not only was she anything but neat herself, but she showed a sovereign contempt for it in others. Speaking of neat people, one day, she remarked that her son Josiah was one of the most particular men in the world. "Way," said she, "he threw away a whole cup of coffee, the other morning, because it had a bedbug in it!"

☞ Tears generally tremble in our eyes when we are happy, and glisten like pearls, or dew-drops on the flower cup; but when we first realize any overwhelming and unlooked for happiness, we gaze round with a smile of bewildered ecstacy, and no tears trembled in our eyes. The extremes of joy and sorrow are too great, too deep for tears.

☞ Bishop Butler's Dying Words.—He called for his chaplain, and said, "Though I have endeavored to avoid sin and please God to the utmost of my power, yet, from the consciousness of perpetual infirmities, I am still afraid to appear before the Moral Governor of the Universe." "My lord," said the chaplain, "you have forgotten that Jesus Christ is a Saviour." "True," was the answer, "but how shall I know that He is a Saviour for me?" "My lord, is it not written, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out?'" "True," said the bishop, "and I am surprised that, though I have read that Scripture so often, I never felt its virtue to this moment; and now I die happy!"

☞ The late Bishop of London preached at Chelmsford, on the text, "The fool has said in his heart there is no God." He preached extempore, for the first and only time in his life, having forgotten his written sermon. Anxious to know how he had succeeded, he asked one of his congregation, on his way home, how he liked the discourse: "Well, Mr. Bloomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough; but I can't say I agree with you; I think there is a God."

☞ Lord John Russell's wife had been a widow, a lady of dignified and ample proportions and presence. His lordship is of slender stature. Hence he was called by the wits *the widow's mite*. "Oh!" exclaimed an American lady to whom this witticism was related at a dinner party of English gentry, "I now see how it came to pass that his lordship was cast into the treasury!"

☞ Gold lands in California sell at a thousand dollars an inch, a story gravely told, but which is to be taken with some allowance.

☞ It is stated as an evidence of the appreciation of literary merit on the Western Reserve, that William Shakspeare is treasurer of Medina county, Ohio.

Health for the Sick and Afflicted.

SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY

The Great Remedy for
The Great Remedy for
Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the Side and Breast, Palpitation or Disease of the Heart, Influenza, Croup, Broken Constitution, Sore Throat, Nervous Debility, and all Diseases of the Throat, Breast and Lungs.

For thirty years it has been a standard remedy, curing the most obstinate cases after all other remedies and treatment had failed. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. nov7-3m

BE NOT DISHEARTENED.
THE SUN SHINES IN THE NORTH.
THE SUN SHINES IN THE NORTH.

The sun still shines in desolate places. The hearts of the miserable sufferers of disease eaten bodies shall be made glad. A cure that will cleanse your blood from impurities, and rid your bodies of *Sores, Ulcers*, Swellings, Skin Eruptions, and all Chronic and Scrofulous diseases, will be found in Dr. Radway's Cleansing Syrup, called Renovating Resolvent. One to six bottles of this marvellous remedy will cure the worst diseases, and restore you to the society of your friends, sound in health, pure and clean, and skin without a spot or blemish. Price one dollar per bottle.

Radway & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

Gray Hair Restored, Baldness Prevented

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

The only attested article that will absolutely restore the hair to its original color and beauty, causing it to grow where it has fallen off or become thin. Wholesale and retail, at Doctor Swayne's, 330 North Sixth street, Philada. Price 50 cents; 6 bottles $2,50. nov7-3m

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
FURS.
The Largest and Best Stock in the City,
AT
CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS,
CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
nov14-3m Philadelphia.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is some little export demand for Flour. The sales reach some 10,000 bbls, mostly common and good Pennsylvania and Western extra family at $7@7,75, chiefly at $7,25@7,50 for fair to good brands, including 2500 bbls, part fancy Western. The trade come forward slowly at prices within the range of $5,75@6,50 for superfine, which is scarce; $6,75@7,25 for extras; $7,12½ to $8 for extra family, and $8,50 to $10 ₽ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour—the demand is limited at $6,50 ₽ bbl. Corn Meal is dull at $5,50 for Pennsylvania, and $6 ₽ bbl for Brandywine. Of Buckwheat Meal sales are making at $3,25@3,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat; sales reach about 30,000 bus, in lots, at $1,60@1,65 for fair to good and prime reds, and $1,70 to $2 for white, the latter for choice Kentucky. Rye is scarce at $1,35@1,37 for Delaware and Pennsylvania. Corn has been more active; 60,000 bus, chiefly new Southern yellow, found buyers at $1,10@1,15; $1,07@1,09 for white, and $1,22@1,24 for old yellow. Oats—Sales of 20,000 bus at 86@87c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of all kinds are light. 1000 bbls old Mess Pork have been disposed of at $17,75@18,50 ₽ bbl. New is worth $21@22. Dressed Hogs are firm at $7,50@8 the 100 lbs. Beef is steady at $12@16 ₽ bbl., for Western and city Mess. Bacon is selling at 7¾@8c for Shoulders, and 9@9¼c for Sides. Of Green Meats the sales are limited to pickled Hams at 11@11¼c, and Shoulders in salt at 7¼. Lard is excited and in request, at 12¼@12c for bbls. and tierces, 11¾@12¾c for mixed packages, and 13¾@14c for kegs. Butter is firmer, and moderately active, at 18@20c for common to State and Ohio, and 25@32c for New York. Cheese is quiet at 15@16c, as in quality. Eggs are scarce, and worth 30c ₽ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been unsettled and dull; sales of about 300 bales, in small lots, at from 75 to 80c, cash, for ordinary to middling and fair quality.

ASHES are unchanged and quiet.

BARK—The receipts are light; we quote 1st No 1 nominally at $36@37. Tanners' Bark continues scarce and high.

COAL—There is very little doing, and the market is unsettled and dull.

COFFEE—Market firm but quiet. Sales reach 900 bags, in lots, mostly Rio, at 32½@35½c, and Laguayra at 33½@34½c, cash and time.

COPPER is firm and the sales of both Sheathing and Yellow Metal limited.

FEATHERS are selling at 60@62c ₽ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $3@3½, and Cranberries $8@10 ₽ bbl. Dried fruit is on the advance. Apples sell more freely at 9@10c, and unpared Peaches at 12@16c ₽ lb. Pared Peaches are very scarce.

HAY is quoted at $23@25 ₽ ton.

HEMP—The market is quiet.

HOPS are unchanged at 27@30c ₽ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market is unchanged but quiet.

LEAD is firm; sales of Galena at $10¼@10¾ the 100 lbs.

LUMBER is in fair demand, with sales of White Pine Boards at $29@30. Yellow sap do $25. Lehigh Hemlock $22, and White Pine Shingles at $19@22 ₽ M.

MOLASSES—The market is quiet.

PLASTER—A small invoice sold at $4,75 ₽ ton.

RICE—The market is quiet at 7¼@7¾c for Rangoon.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover offering or selling, and prices range at $7,50@8 ₽ bus; 10 tons prime brought $8,06½. Timothy at $2 75@3. Flaxseed is in better demand at $2,16@2 17 ₽ bushel.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are selling at full prices. N. E. Rum is held at 95c@$1. Whiskey, sales of bbls at 89@94c.

SUGAR—The market is firm, but the sales are confined to 2500 bags Pernambuco at 12½c, on time, some small lots of Cuba at 12¾@12¾c, cash and four months.

TALLOW—Sales of 150,000 lbs, at 12c ₽ lb for city rendered and 11¾c for western.

TOBACCO—Sales of Kentucky Leaf, in lots, at from 17 to 26c ₽ lb.

WOOL—The market has been rather more active; sales of about 130,000 lbs are reported at 81@85c for medium and fine fleece, mostly at 81@83c ₽ lb nett.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 29 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2469 head. The prices realised were from 7 to 11¼ cts ₽ lb. 140 Cows brought from $18 to 20 ₽ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from 4¼ to 5c ₽ lb gross. 1180 Hogs brought from $8,00 to 9,00 ₽ cwt net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Dec. in St. Peter's Church, by the Right Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Bishop of New Jersey, J. Redman Coxe, U. S. A. to Catharine Clifton, daughter of W. C. Bridges, Esq.

On the 10th of Dec. by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. R. Parker, of Jersey City, to Miss Mattie J. Houghtaling, of Camden.

On the 28th of Nov. by the Rev. Mr. Kenney, D. D., Romine W. Sherrerd, of Chestnut Hill, to Matilda Ellen, daughter of Wm. Toplis, Esq. of Germantown.

On the 17th of Dec. by the Rev. Jos. A. Seiss, D. D., Horace Fritz, to Annie E. daughter of Dr. Geo. Rex.

On the 24th of Aug. last, at Washington, D. C., by the Rev. D. F. Chapman, Mr. William J. Davis, to Miss Emma Edwards, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Dec. in Lower Merion, William E. George, in his 70th year.

On the 23d of Dec. Charles Newbold, in his 48th year.

On the 22d of Dec. James, son of John and Isabella Forsythe, aged 26 years.

On the 21st of Dec. Margaret, wife of Wm. Anderson, aged 27 years.

On the 21st of Dec. Robert Comly, Sr. in his 74th year.

On the 20th of Dec. Mrs. Jane Roberts, in her 70th year.

On the 20th of Dec. Mrs. Margaret Miller, aged 71 years.

On the 19th of Dec. Mr. Samuel Haddon, in his 78th year.

On the 19th of Dec. Mrs. Virginia Green, in her 34th year.

THE GREAT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

TERMS.

DAILY TRIBUNE.

Single Copy	3 cents.
Mail subscribers, one year, (311 issues)	$8.

SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Published Every Tuesday and Friday.

One Copy, one year, (104 issues)	$3.
Two Copies, one year,	$5.
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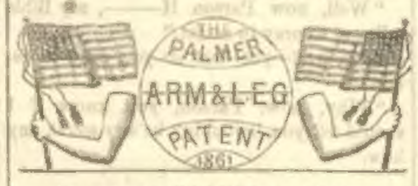

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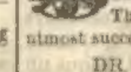

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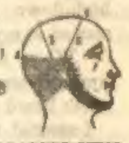

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This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the Animal in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its Feed, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your Horses, Cattle and Hogs in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared *only by*
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E. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

Wit and Humor.

JACK'S LETTER.

An English writer says:—One day when I came home from visiting, my old landlady told me that some one had been down begging me to go up to old Will's house as soon as ever I could—he was in great trouble. I started off at once, and found him and his old woman both in tears. I asked what was the matter.

"Oh, sir, we've had such a letter from our Jack in Africa!"

Now, our Jack was a soldier, and had, by good conduct, risen to the rank of sergeant-major.

His letter was in a high-flown strain. He had been evidently reading Moore and other poets; and he had written when the news of the threatened Chartist riot on the famous 10th of April had just reached the camp. I cannot remember all his letter, but this passage occurs to me:

"BELOVED PARENTS—I have heard of the terrible dangers that threaten my native land. Perhaps ere now it has been devastated by lawless bands of unprincipled miscreants; perhaps ere now the humble cot in which I first drew nurture has been committed to the ruthless flames. Would I were with you, to protect my ancestral hearth! I cannot be with you; but, beloved parents, my soul hovers over you, as the fabled Houri of the Mohammedan; and I do all I can, by wish and supplication, to cast an ægis around you."

Of course I burst out laughing at this high-flown letter and their grief. They started at my laugh.

"What, sir, is all right? We thought summut terrible had surely happened; we never heard such words afore."

I assured them all was right, and translated the letter for them, to their amazing comfort; but I can assure you that letter was shown to every neighbor as "what our Jack could do," and doubly treasured because they could not comprehend it.

GEN. GRANT IN A HORSE TRADE.

A few Congressmen on the train to-day entered into conversation about the merits of different Generals in our army, in the course of which one of them told the following story about Gen. Grant:

"I knew Ulysses Grant when he was a little boy. We used to go to school together, near Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio. The boys used to plague him dreadfully about a horse trade he once made. When he was about twelve years old, his father sent him a few miles into the country to buy a horse from a man named Ralston. The old man told Ulysses to offer Ralston fifty dollars at first; if he wouldn't take that, to offer fifty-five dollars, and to go as high as sixty dollars if no less would make the purchase. The embryotic Major-General started off with these instructions fully impressed upon his mind. He called upon Mr. Ralston, and told him he wished to buy the horse.

"'How much did your father tell you to give for him?' was a very natural inquiry from the owner of the steed.

"'Why,' said Ulysses, 'he told me to offer you fifty dollars, and if that wouldn't do, to give you fifty-five dollars, and if you wouldn't take less than sixty dollars, to give you that.'

"Of course sixty dollars was the lowest figure, and on payment of that amount, the animal became the property of the young Napoleon."

A COUPLE OF ART INCIDENTS.

The curiosity of many of those who attended the recent organ exhibitions at the Music Hall, to hear the celebrated "*Vox Humana*" stop, so interestingly described by Holmes, found rich and ludicrous expression at one of the concerts, in the inquiry made to a musical individual by one from the rural districts, who occupied an adjoining seat. Slightly apprehensive, as the performances drew to a conclusion, that he should not get his three dollars' worth, and with a little evident confusion in his mind in regard to organ nomenclature, he leaned forward to our artistic friend with, "Say, sir, when are they going to perform on the *nux vomica*?"

During the exhibition of Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains," in one of our New England cities, it was visited by an individual from the extreme suburbs, of a panoramic taste and passion, who, after paying his quarter, entering, and gazing indifferently at the picture—a decided impatience in his manner gradually manifesting itself—suddenly started for the door-keeper, and indignantly demanded, "Why don't the darn'd thing begin to move?"—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ A witty fellow happening to step in at a little ale-house one day, called for a glass of the refreshing beverage. After drinking it, he said to the landlady, with the air of one who has some great secret to communicate, "Mrs. D., I'll tell you how you can sell a great deal more than you do." "How is that?" she asked. "Don't sell so much froth," was the reply.

☞ "Got any ice at your end of the table, Bill?" "No; but I've got the next thing to it." "What's that?" "A serious cold."

A WELL-KEPT SECRET.—Of the descendants of the Pilgrims, there once lived an old man, who, unlike nearly all his brethren, had no particular respect for the clergy. Going his accustomed rounds one day, he met a reverend gentleman who, after a few casual remarks on worldly topics, thus addressed him:

"Mr. B——, you have lived long; very few attain your age. Would it not be the part of wisdom to attend to your soul's concerns immediately? Really, it would rejoice my soul to see you at the eleventh hour, become a praying Christian."

"Well, now Parson H——, my Bible tells me to pray in secret."

"Ah, well—yes—but *do* you pray in secret?"

"Why, now, Parson, you know if I should *tell* you, 'twouldn't be any *secret*, any how."

OPALS.

Of all precious stones, these have ever had a peculiar charm for imaginative minds. As the caprice of fashion places them at present, in the front rank of jewels, we give place to some information respecting them.

The Opal is a gem belonging to the quartz family, the softest, most delicate, and most valuable of them all, and differing from any other precious stone. It is never found in crystals or in crystalline masses, but forms a deposit resembling resin or gum in crevices or hollows of the rock.

The color of the opal is white or pearl grey, and, when seen between the eye and the light, is pale red or wine yellow, with a milky translucency. By reflected light it exhibits, as its position is varied, elegant and iridescent colors, particularly emerald green, golden yellow, flame and fire red, violet purple, and celestial blue, so beautifully blended and so fascinating as to captivate the admirer. When the color is arranged in small spangles, it takes the name of the harlequin opal. Sometimes it exhibits only one of the above colors, and of these the most esteemed are the emerald green and the orange yellow.

The precious or noble opal, which possesses this play of color, is the only variety at all esteemed; others which possess all the other qualities, but are deficient in that, are valueless. It is not yet decided with certainty whence this comes, but the opal is supposed to be full of flaws, and the vivid iridescent colors it displays are occasioned by the reflection and refraction of the light, which is decomposed at these fissures. Up to the present time, it has only been found in any large quantities in Hungary and Guatemala. There are also black opals obtained from Egypt, but these are extremely rare. They have the glow of a ruby seen through a mist, or a coal ignited at one end. Opals are also found isolated and in small groups at Frankfort, in the Ferro Islands, Iceland, and Australia, but they are brought into trade almost entirely from Hungary, at a spot between Kaschau and Eperies. In a valley here are what are called "the fifty graves," or countless old and now deserted opal mines. Near them are the new pits, where opals are found in considerable quantities, but rarely exceeding half an inch in diameter. There is, however, in the Imperial Mineral Cabinet of Vienna, a noble opal, nearly the size of a man's fist, and weighing thirty-four ounces, which has been valued at about £50,000.

In ancient times the opal was the most highly valued of jewels; at the present time, in obedience to the whirligigs of time, fashion ranks it above the sapphire, and, when surrounded by brilliants, as it is usually set, the bright scintillating rays of the diamonds contrasting with the calm, soft, but rich and varied tints of the opal, it is one of the most beautiful ornaments imaginable. Pliny describes it in the following language:

"We notice in it the milder fire of the carbuncle, the flashing purple of the amethist, the sea-green of the emerald, and all this sheening equally in a wondrous blending. For the sake of such a gem," he continues, "which was only of the size of a hazel-nut, the senator Nonius was sent into exile by the triumvir Mark Antony, which he could have escaped had he delivered up the precious gem. Still he preferred exile in the company of his stone to life in Rome without it."

This gem was valued at about £155,000 of our money. In the Middle Ages the opal was also highly esteemed, and, before the Revolution, the financier D'Anguy possessed a harlequin opal of great beauty. This stone, perfect in every respect, and measuring twenty-one millimetres in length, and from fifteen to sixteen in breadth, was highly esteemed; but it did not prove so dangerous to its master as that of Nonius. At the present time, small stones for rings fetch from fifteen to thirty shillings. A fine stone, playing red and gold, and five lines square, was sold in Paris for £95; and a very handsome stone of the size of half a crown is still for sale at Kaschau, if any one is inclined to give £3,000 for it.

The opal is never cut in facets, but always hemispherical. There is also an opal called hydrophane, which is white and opaque till immersed in water, when it resembles the noble opal.

☞ A WELL-READ SOLDIER.—Private information.

TEMPTING.

HOMELY AUNT (sweetly).—"Run away, Willie, darling, and get me my work-box, and *I'll give you a kiss.*"

WILLIE, DARLING.—"Then I won't go."

THE WISE MAN TAUGHT WISDOM

One day in early spring, the youth Solomon sat beneath the palms in his father's garden, and bending his eyes on the ground, seemed deep in thought. Nathan, his teacher, stepped up to him, and inquired,

"Why sittest thou here so thoughtfully?"

Solomon raised his head, and replied,

"Nathan, I should like to behold a miracle."

The prophet smiled, and answered,

"That is a wish I also indulged in, in my youthful days."

"And was it fulfilled?" hastily inquired the royal prince.

"A man of God," thus Nathan continued, "approached me once, holding the seed of a pomegranate in his hand. 'Behold,' said he, 'what will become of this seed.' Thereupon he made a small hole in the earth with his finger, laid the seed in it, and covered it up again. When he had withdrawn his hand, the earth divided, and I saw two tiny leaves appear. But scarcely had I seen them before they closed together, and became a smooth, round stem, enveloped in a rind; and the stem became visibly higher and thicker.

"The man of God spoke to me, saying, 'Pay attention.' And whilst I was watching, there sprang seven branches from the trunk, like unto the seven arms of the candlestick on the altar. I wondered; but the man of God made a sign, and bid me be silent and attentive. 'Behold,' said he, 'new creations will soon take place.'

"Thereupon he took water in the hollow of his hand from a brook that was flowing past, and sprinkled therewith the branches three different times; and the branches now hung full of verdant leaves, spreading refreshing shade around us, mingled with sweet-smelling odors. 'Whence,' I exclaimed, 'arises this perfume, in addition to the cooling shade of the leaves?'

"'Dost thou not see,' answered the man of God, 'those purple flowers, hanging in clusters, and peeping between the leaves?'

"Before I could yet reply, a soft breeze arose, and, rustling through the leaves, cast the flowers to the earth, like to flakes of snow floating down from the clouds. Scarcely had the blossoms fallen, when the beautiful red pomegranates appeared between the leaves, like the almonds on Aaron's staff. The man of God then left me, sunk in silent wonder."

Nathan ended. Hastily Solomon exclaimed—

"Where is he? What is the name of the holy man? Is he still alive?"

Nathan answered,

"Son of David, I have related a dream?"

When Solomon heard these words, he became sorry at heart, and sad.

"How canst thou thus deceive me?" he said.

But Nathan continued:

"I have not deceived thee, son of David. Behold! in thy father's garden thou canst see all that I have related in reality. Is not the same the case with every pomegranate, and with other trees?"

"Yes," answered Solomon; "but gradually, within a wide space of time."

Then answered Nathan,

"Is, then, the miracle the less wonderful or divine because it takes place in quiet and without show? I should think it the more wonderful.

"Study the works of Nature," he continued, "then you will learn to believe in the Most High, and not pine and wish for miracles by human hands."

A PILLAR OF FIRE.

In an English book entitled "Mrs. Elwood's Travels in Egypt," published some twenty-five years ago, we met with the following:—

"At Cosseir a very singular natural phenomenon is described. Our residence was at a stone's throw from the sea. Conceive my astonishment and surprise on repairing thither to gaze on the beauty of the wave, and to watch the sun, which was just emerging from the bosom of the water, to see the latter, instead of rising in its usual circular form, assume that of a pillar of fire. I doubted the evidence of my senses, and I should hardly hope to be believed, but then I find the ancients and Agatharchides in particular, have mentioned the same phenomenon on these coasts where they observe, 'The sun rises like a pillar of fire.'

"Lord Valentia also noticed a similar appearance at Mocha, where he saw it set in like manner. We subsequently saw it assume an elongated, but never again so completely columnar a figure. We could not but think of the pillar of fire which forty years gave light to the Israelites in the wilderness. The color of the Red Sea here was of the most exquisite blue of the Mediterranean. The breakers had a peculiar vivid and lively whiteness, which, by contrast, added greatly to the beauty of the azure main; but though I could have gazed for hours, it was too dazzling to permit me to do so with impunity."

☞ The only aid we can afford the enemy—block-ade.

Agricultural.

MULES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

One of the most striking characteristics of the mule is his aversion to the ass, and the pride he takes in his relationship to the horse; which instincts are met by obtrusiveness in the ass, and by indifference in the horse. If an ass at any time—urged by the vanity peculiar to its race as related to the mule—happens to fall in with a drove of mules, he will, in all probability, be kicked and lamed by his proud relatives. A horse, on the contrary, takes a distinguished position in a drove of mules. The latter crowd around him, and follow his movements, exhibiting a violent jealousy, each trying to stand nearest his high-bred relative. This instinct is employed to keep together the droves of mules, on a journey or at pasture, by putting a mare to the drove, with a bell round her neck, and called the bell-mare. This animal is led day and night by a cord, and the whole drove is thus kept under control, and will not leave their queen. It is therefore very difficult to separate the drove. The man who leads the mare is instructed, in case of an attack from the Indians, to leap upon the back of the animal, and take refuge in the wagon encampment, whither the drove is sure to follow him. Even if the Indians succeed in separating any from the drove, they find it difficult to carry them off. The animals incessantly attempt to turn back, and the travellers are thus enabled to overtake the robbers, and recover the stolen animals. The Indians, in consequence, use every means to get possession of the mare; and if they succeed in this, the whole drove is lost to their owners. If several horses are in a drove of mules, the danger is that the latter becomes dispersed; and this is the reason that, in these journeys, saddle-horses are not allowed to go loose, but are led by a cord.—*Frobel.*

A QUERY FOR ARBORICULTURISTS.—Does the sap which enters the roots of a tree go into the general circulation? or does each root-branch furnish nutriment to a corresponding portion of the loss—the two mutually acting upon and sympathizing with each other?

In my orchard are three apple trees, standing in wettish ground, rapidly descending on one side to soil so wet as to produce sage grass, on the other gradually rising to dry and warm soils. On the wet side the limbs have been dying until full one-half of the top of each tree has been removed, while the up-hill side of each top remains healthy and bore a good crop of fruit this season. Now if the acid is poison, drawn in by the roots dipping into the mud, and has been carried into the general circulation, why not the whole tree die?—*N. E. Farmer.*

SHEEP SHEDDING WOOL.—Mr. Lewis Clark, in the Wisconsin Farmer, says the best plan to keep the wool on sheep is to keep them *fat*, and that if sheep "run down" from any cause, and are fed high at once, their wool will start. Even a change of pasturage, from a poor to a timothy and clover pasture, will start the wool from a lean sheep. But the feeding of corn, beans, wheat, rye, barley, oats, vegetables, or anything that sheep will eat that makes *fat*, avoiding sudden changes, will not only cause the wool to stick, but will increase it more than enough to pay the additional cost.

Useful Receipts.

TO MAKE AND CLEAR COFFEE.—Put a sufficient quantity of the coffee into the pot, and pour boiling water on it; stir it, and place it on the fire. Make it boil, and as soon as four or five bubbles have risen take it off the fire and pour out a teacupful and return it; set it down for one minute, then pour gently over the top one teacupful of cold water; let it stand one minute longer, and it will be bright and fine. The cold water, by its greater density, sinks and carries the grounds with it.

COLD CREAM.—1 lb. of lard, 3oz. of Spermaceti. Melt with a gentle heat, and when cooling stir in orange-flower water, 1 oz., essence of lavender, 26 drops.

SAGO AND APPLE PUDDING.—Take 6 oz. of sago, previously picked, 5 large, rich apples, pealed, quartered and cored, and 1 teacup of sugar. Pour boiling water on the sago; let it stand till cold; then mix in the apples and sugar, and bake about one hour.

PRESERVING GRASS AND FLOWERS.—As some persons seem to wish to know at once how to preserve grasses, &c., to use in the place of artificial, I will say a few words here about how to do this, without waiting for it to find place in my papers on arranging flowers. The German mode is to take large shallow pans or boxes, and covering them with a layer of the finest and dryest sand, to lay the grasses in this, and carefully sift in more sand till all are completely covered. The sand is then kept for some days exposed to slight heat, at the end of which process it is left to cool gradually, and the flowers or grasses when taken out are found to retain perfectly their natural form, and, with little difference, their own color also.—*H. A. Maling.*

PEA CHEESE.—There is a very close resemblance between several animal and vegetable substances. Thus animal milk contains a large quantity of casein, which is the principal substance in cheese; and peas also contain a large amount of the same substance. The Chinese, who have exhibited such an aptitude for domestic economics, that they even make soup of bird's nests, have also found out that cheese can be made of peas. For this purpose peas are boiled into a thin paste, then passed through a sieve, and an acid added to the pea solution, which becomes curdled like sweet milk by the action of the common rennet upon the latter. The solid part is then salted, pressed into cheese moulds, and it gradually acquires the taste and smell of cheese. It is sold in the streets of Canton under the name of "Taofoo," and when fresh it is a favorite article of Chinese food.

THREE HINTS FOR THE SEASON.—Be sure and cover the bits of your bridles with leather, to prevent the frost from making the mouths of your horses sore. It is downright cruelty to put an iron bit into a horse's mouth on a cold morning. If you doubt it, bit yourself some day when the mercury stands below zero.

When you cut Indian rubber, keep the blade of your knife wet, and you can then cut it without difficulty.

We have heard of and tested a great many kinds of waterproof blacking for winter boots. Let us tell you what we have tried for two winters, and found to be the best article we know of. When your boots are stiff and you think need oiling, wash them in castile soap-suds—oil before the leather dries, (you may use blackball or any kind of grease,) have a saturated solution of gum shellac in alcohol—anybody can make it, as all there is to be done is to dissolve in a pint or half pint of alcohol just as much shellac as the liquid will take up—and apply this solution with a sponge to the oiled boots. In two or three minutes the shellac will dry and harden, and you will have a coating on your boots through which the water cannot by any possibility penetrate. Try it, reader. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Riddler.

REVOLUTIONARY HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 61 letters.

My 55, 50, 55, 48, was a British General.
My 43, 59, 16, 35, was a British General.
My 12, 18, 20, 15, 28, 25, 42, was a British General.
My 1, 44, 19, 18, 32, 26, 17, 45, was an American General.
My 30, 10, 13, 21, 23, 5, 9, was an American General.
My 10, 22, 58, 6, 9, was an American General.
My 34, 39, 54, 19, 18, 30, 50, 57, 61, 3, was a battle fought during the Revolution.
My 35, 7, 16, 17, 4, 46, was a fort on the Hudson River, once commanded by General Schuyler.
My 1, 25, 50, 4, 27, was an American General.
My 18, 17, 11, 60, 24, 40, 28, 29, 53, was a General who commanded in the American army at Monmouth.
My 55, 47, 41, 35, 31, was an American General.
My 50, 33, 42, 14, 48, was a British spy.
My 22, 26, 38, 39, 18, 52, was an American General.
My 18, 20, 51, 13, 29, 19, 60, was an American General.
My 5, 28, 60, 50, 6, 17, 18, 19, 40, 42, captured Ticonderoga.
My 1, 13, 56, 2, 24, 18, 48, 4, was an American General.

My whole was an important event in American history. SHESH B. WEST.

Bentleysville, Pa.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 13, 8, 18, is the emblem of purity.
My 14, 5, 4, is an insect.
My 7, 9, 2, 10, to be, is a bad fault.
My 3, 6, 16, is a preposition.
My 13, 15, 11, is to be found in dealing.
My 17, is a beverage.

My whole is three things to fight for.

BELL.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A boy's nickname.
A celebrated naturalist.
A Greek author.
A city in Italy.
A place of perfect happiness.
A Roman emperor.
A place reputed to be very dark.
A city in France.
A fish.
A large lake.
A British officer in the Revolutionary war.
A race of people on the island of Great Britain.
A heathen goddess.
A universal tyrant.
A figure of rhetoric.

The initials spell the name of a new and interesting American novel, and the finals the name of its author. AMBIDEXTER.

Talbot Co., Md.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an abbreviation of a man's name.
My second is an indefinite article.
My third is a command.
My fourth is not far off.
My fifth is like my second.
My whole is the name of a portion of the globe.

Alto, Miss. C. JONES.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find two numbers whose sum shall be an integral cube, their product a perfect square, and such that the square of the first added to the second may be equal to the square of the second added to the first? MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Eight times a certain number increased by 4 makes a square, and 3 times the square of the same number increased by 9 makes another square. Required the number?

GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is making honey like whipping? Ans.—Because it is a bee-laboring business.

☞ What is the difference between an alley gate and an alligator? Ans.—The one you bolt, the other bolts you.

☞ What saw seems to be destined for the division of Europe—Warsaw.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Valuable reading. ENIGMA.—Nathaniel Hawthorne. CHARADE.—Live, evil. RIDDLE.—Louis Agassiz.

Answer to my PROBABILITY QUESTION, published Nov. 21. The required probability is 3-65. Artemas Martin, Franklin, Venango Co., Penna.

Answer to E. Hagerty's PROBLEM, by E. Hagerty, Nov. 21st. Area within the arcs 2884.69 square miles. Reuben Barto.

Answer to my PROBLEM, Nov. 21, 2304 and 2884 square miles nearly.

Answer to Mr. Martin's, Nov. 21, 0.1230753.

Answer to R. Barto's, Nov. 21, 36 and 100.

Answer to R. J. McBride's, Nov. 21. A $37; B $1873. E. Hagerty, Baltimore.